



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

10595

C6

G22

A 404025

THE REAL COBALT

THE STORY OF A GREAT
SILVER MINING CAMP



By ANSON A. GARD



RECEIVED IN EXCHANGE
FROM
Univ. of Western Ontario



Wup.

THE REAL COBALT

THE STORY OF
CANADA'S MARVELLOUS SILVER
MINING CAMP

183

BY

Gard
ANSON A. GARD

Author of "The Pioneers of the Upper Ottawa," "The New Canada,"
"The Yankee in Quebec," "My Friend Bill,"
"The Last West," Etc., Etc.

TORONTO
THE EMERSON PRESS

1908

F
1059.5
.C6
G22

**A LIST OF BOOKS BY THE
SAME AUTHOR**

The Yankee in Quebec
Uncle Sam in Quebec
The Wandering Yankee
How to See Montreal
The New Canada
The Hub and the Spokes; or, Ottawa
of To-day
The Pioneers of the Upper Ottawa
Ottawa, the Beautiful Capital
The Last West
My Friend Bill; a Novel

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of
Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and
eight, by ANSON A. GARDNER, at the Department of
Agriculture.

PRESS OF
THE HUNTER-
LIMITS

Early
history of Western Ontario
6-30-23

PREFACE

DID you ever think that the first you read is the last the author writes? We never know what a book is to be, and cannot know until it *is*. As Patrick would say—"we never know what we are going to write until we have written it."

In May of 1907, Cobalt to me was a name—now it is a reality, and, believe me, "*reality*" may well be placed in italics. If I am an enthusiast on the subject, it is with reason, and I am honest in saying, that the most glowing accounts of it but feebly convey what Cobalt really is. Even during the months I spent in the camp, prospect after prospect turned to mine, and mine to shipper. I passed the Gillies Limit with a "calcite" jest, only to find it a "shipper," after the jest was in printed page. That is the one advantage of a Preface—you can take it back before the book reaches the hands of the critic, and thus discount his sting.

Two days ago, Feb. 28th, the most famous mining law suit of the Camp was ended. For years "The Lawson Vein" was in litigation. It passed from court to court (see page 30), through many tedious trials. But this ends it, and I have got to record the ending even it I have to put it in the "Beginning." Tom Crawford lost and John McMartin won.

I trust that no one will get the impression that I think all of the 949 Coleman claims and the hundreds outside will become mines. That would be impossible, and I would wish no one to be misled. I do say that there are many great mines in Cobalt, and many more prospects that must yet become rich shippers. I have named of each a very, very few. Some of the richest I

have but hardly noted in passing—some of their owners being so modest that they wished not to be mentioned. Like the Quakeress, modest and humble—and enormously proud of it.

I am indebted to so many for courtesies and favors, that a bare list would turn Preface into a long chapter, and they must take the "will."

To the newspapers and journals I owe much, especially so to *The Silver City News*, of Haileybury, and *The Canadian Mining Journal*, of Toronto. From the columns of both I gained much valuable data. You too are indebted to this great Mining Journal, for many of the beautiful illustrations are here through the kindness of its people. It was their wish that the Camp—which already owes it so great a debt—should be shown as it is, and nothing so illustrates as pictures of the real.

In subsequent editions (which must follow, since the first is all but gone before it leaves the press), many new features will be added. New pictures, other mines, a fund of stories and incidents of the Camp; and sketches of other characters who have figured in its early history and subsequent growth. No features of more interest will be than "*How it was Discovered*," and "*The Rapid Successes of Cobalt*," in which will appear many discoveries, incidents and biographical sketches, familiar to the old(?) timers. In short, the most interesting features of any book—again letting Patrick tell it—"are the things not in it." They will be in the next, if the readers of this will but add individual mine incidents to my already large collection of the general camp life. With many a "thank you" to Cobalt, and to that great Northland, and with sweet memories of a delightful sojourn among their kindly people, I am,

Most sincerely,

THE AUTHOR.

TORONTO, March, 1908.





Photo by Bogart & Stokes

2.—Cobalt, Looking South

1.—Cobalt, Looking North, Showing Cobalt Lake,

THE REAL COBALT

WHEN I read the story of "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," I believed it, from which you may judge how young I was when I read it. It was a great disappointment when I found it wasn't true, and ever since it has been harder and harder to convince me of the truth of anything wonderful until—well, when I read about Cobalt and the marvellous "finds," I simply set it all down to the credit of the man who had a mine for sale—a mine he didn't want, and who sat up nights to devise language sufficiently strong to get it off his hands. But as time went on and I saw impecunious friends changing from rented cottages to fine residences of their own, from simple Cobalt dividends, I was compelled to accept as truth the stories of this twentieth century Wonder. And now, after months of visiting in and around this veritable Land of Silver, I want to tell you that only a few of the scattering facts have been told of what is to be found in this land of marvels. "Only a few"—a library on the subject would but touch the "Calcite" of the vein! You may doubt my words—I won't blame you if you do—I doubted this story myself when I heard it, and not until it had been told and retold me by the many could I grasp and accept it as a fact.

I shall start my own story of "The Real Cobalt" by relating how a company of men, organized with a capital of \$25,000 of "air," have succeeded. They did all in their power to place the stock, but to little purpose. Finally, by selling dollar shares, on the instalment plan, they sold less than \$8,000 worth, and with this small capital have developed a business that has become the marvel of the financial world.

I will not make it a long story. Each dollar share has pro-

duced in dividends, from sales, \$95, and their real value can only be known by long development of the many rich mining claims of the fortunate holdings.

The company of which I speak is the most unique in all the history of the mining world. Before Cobalt was even dreamed of, a number of business and professional men and farmers, in and around New Liskeard, Ontario, formed

The Temiskaming and Hudson Bay Mining Company,

and sent prospectors into the far north to seek for minerals of any kind. They organized in the early spring of 1903, and after prospecting for a whole year, found nothing worth mentioning, and still they worked on, spending thousands of dollars to prove the value of New Ontario's mineral possessions. To them the Government owes a debt which may never be determined. In the spring of 1904, when but little of the value of Cobalt camp was known, the prospectors of the company went down from New Liskeard and took up eleven claims in what has since proven to be one of the very best parts of all the district. Had they but followed the precedent of 1903, and the custom of to-day, they might have had thousands of acres instead of the 380 which they have since so honestly prospected, and which have been proven of such fabulous richness. But while a few new men staked large areas of accidental finds, the many members of this company, who had long sought for mineral throughout the great north, staked but the eleven claims.

In the fall of 1906, they sold the 58 acres just south of the limits of Cobalt to the Silver Queen for \$810,000—nearly \$100 for every dollar invested, and nine of the eleven lots left, one of which has developed into a claim so fabulously rich that its real value cannot be determined. It was in June of this year (1907) that they struck on this lot, a wide vein of solid silver, and in September another was discovered that is the wonder of all the camp.

The early history of the "Hudson Bay" is so full of incident that one might write of it a volume of intense interest. As stated above, the stock was sold on the instalment plan, and toward the last of 1903 the collector had his own troubles in getting in the few cents per share. It is told that one day he was given a pan of hot water from the hand of an irate woman who had before told him to "Never let me see you again." Another subscribed for 200 shares, went home and, regretting the act, refused to make even the first payment. It is said that she had another regret later on. A man had a fire down east, and lost a small fortune, so discouraging him that he came to Cobalt to make a new start. Meeting another discouraged one after he got here, he was induced to take 200 shares of "Hudson Bay" "at your own price." He had a few dollars—less than \$100—and took the shares. His first dividend was \$18,400. He has since been heard to say that he was glad he got burned out down east. Being a wise man he still holds the whole of his shares. These are but a few of the many incidents that are told about the lucky and unlucky investors of this wonderful company's stock. Possibly the most unlucky person was the woman whose husband refused to give her ten dollars to buy 100 shares of the stock. A man was leaving town and thinking so little of the "Hudson Bay" that he offered to sell to her his certificate for ten cents a share. Think of it! I will warrant that never in the world's history could \$20,000 have been made inside of a year for a ten dollar investment.

Besides their valuable holdings in Coleman, the company have a rich galena claim near Grassy Lake, in the Larder Lake district, which they are developing, and which promises well. It does seem that everything this company touches turns out to be good. What is remarkable, not a single man in all the promoters of the company was a mining man or knew anything about mining. No wonder it has been called "The Lucky Hudson." What its stock will yet be worth no one dare guess, since the dividends alone have made many a poor man rich.

The officers are all New Liskeard men, no one of whom receives

a salary—the company being run, possibly, more economically than any other in the whole camp. These officers are: President, George Taylor (formerly of London, Ont., of which city he was three times Mayor), a hardware merchant; Vice-President, Angus McKelvey, a lumber man. Directors: T. McCamus, lumber and mill man, who, with the vice-president, holds large timber limits; D. T. K. McEwen, a leading lawyer in the Cobalt district; John Grills, Crown Land Agent of the Temiskaming District; D. M. Ferguson, capitalist; Dr. B. Field, the leading physician of the district; Adam Burwash, long the Indian Agent for the various tribes of the Temiskaming and Abitibi Lakes; S. S. Ritchie, farmer; W. E. Ritchie, farmer; and John Dunkin, contractor. Sec'y-Treasurer, F. L. Hutchison, accountant. The main offices are in New Liskeard.

We like to read of the success of the worthy poor—I do at any rate. I'm going to tell you of the family of father, mother and six sons who had worked long and hard in this northland, and after years of struggle had saved enough to invest \$1,300 in the shares of the above company. While others grew tired waiting for dividends, they held on to their stock, for they had faith in it, and are to-day worth \$260,000. I have verified the story and know it to be true.

This is but an instance, in this Aladdin Land, where poor men of less than four years ago are now justly rated many times millionaires. I visited the mines of some of them and have walked along veins of silver for long distances, as in places this valuable metal needed but to be merely uncovered, dug from its bed and shipped to produce—in one instance—\$126,000 for a single carload of ore.

"See that!" said a man to me to-day. "That" was a telegram telling the result of a car shipment. "\$92,000" was the burthen of that telegram, and the man showing it manifested as little interest as he would have once shown over the sale of a small order of drugs—the selling of which he gave up to go into mining only a year or two ago. From no knowledge of mining he has become one of the best informed in the camp; and start-

ing with but a small capital, his interests extend over a wide range. Sudden riches too often change the "good fellow" into the unendurable cad—it has not changed "Bob," and we delight in his success.

Later.—This company have since turned out nearly one-half million dollars' worth of silver, and as this goes to press the rumor is that they have struck an "ore chute" with millions in sight.

The Mother Lode Theory

Those conversant with silver values elsewhere cannot realize the richness of this district. \$100 to \$150 ores, to them, are high values; while here it runs as high as 22,000 ounces per ton. For this reason it is justly claimed that this is the richest silver camp in the world, and the only question is: "Will it last?" Since coming to Cobalt I have made it a point to gather from as many sources as possible the impression on the mother lode theory.

While many think it an absurd one, others make it seem most feasible that the silver has been forced up from below. If this be true, then the permanency of the district is assured, and the hidden wealth of Cobalt must run into the fabulous. The advocates of the theory claim, that deep as have the shafts been sunk, that the surface has scarcely been scratched to produce the hundreds of tons already shipped from here, and that many holdings now looked upon as worthless, are underlaid with fortunes only waiting the enterprise of the holders who are not afraid to go down after the wealth.

This does not mean that *all* of the "holdings" are valuable. Some of them whose owners have spent fortunes telling the public how "good" they were, will never be other than worthless. These owners went on the principle that the public is easier "worked" than mines. I've visited water-filled holes in the ground, and by comparing old issues of the daily papers with the locations of those holes, I found that I was gazing upon "The greatest, the richest, the most wonderful proposition in

the whole Cobalt camp; now 'steen cents, bound to go up to a price we dare not name." The "price" never went up, and the holes are no further down, for the owners were satisfied with what the public gave them, believing true all that the owners had claimed in their advertisements.

This is why really valuable stocks are now so low. The public spent the money—getting nothing in return—which could now be placed to an advantage which may never again be offered. I know mines whose stocks would be good investments at three times the price at which they can be bought for to-day—not one or two, but many of them, for they have the value and inside of a very few months will prove it.

There are brokers who will make doubly sure that what they offer is good; there are also *other* brokers—dealers in "gilded bricks"—but "that's another story"

My desire is to tell you of "The Real Cobalt"; to hunt out the facts which, however fabulous they may seem, will yet be facts, for I shall verify every story, and tell you of properties which I have found to be safe to recommend.

I might give you whole pages of big rock words telling you of the Laurentian formation, the Keewatins, the Diabase, the Conglomerite and—but then, as it would in the end, all be to you a conglomeration of words, you would know no more about the matter than you did before—would know no more about it than the geologists themselves, whose knowledge of this district seems to have begun and ended with the names of the rocks. This may be *hard* on the geologists, but I'm telling you the "Real." I asked a successful prospector: "What is the difference between a geologist and the man who finds silver?"

"Vast. The geologist looks for it where it *ought* to be; we look for it till we find it."

It wasn't a geologist but a blacksmith who discovered the silver in Cobalt. Many stories are told of how Larose, the Hull blacksmith, found that which has made so many millionaires and which is to make so many more millionaires.

One of these stories has it that Larose threw his hammer at

a passing fox—missed the fox and struck a nugget of silver. Subsequent events proved that even had he got the fox he wouldn't have been a match for him in ways that are credited to Reynard.

I've met a number of people who *might* have had "that mine." One man told me that one of the Herron boys once came to him with some copper which he said he found where later silver was discovered by Larose. "He offered it—the claim—to me for \$200, but my partner said, 'to Hull with it!'"—wicked partner—but he was prophetic, for to Hull it went, but didn't stay.

COBALT LAKE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

AS I shall from time to time speak of the various mines, let's sit down in the office of the Cobalt Lake Company—or better still, let's get out in that naphtha launch in front of the office and I'll point out to you where are some of the principal mines. We will take this as the viewpoint, for the "Cobalt Lake" seems to hold the "centre of the stage."

Now listen while I tell you things. The lake runs along the railroad, or as it was here first, the railroad comes into town from the south along its west bank. The lake is like a long, high-top boot with the foot at the south end, across which the railroad cuts, leaving the severed toes on the west side of the track. The lake is long and narrow, and contains 53 acres. Cobalt—built-up Cobalt—lies along the west side of the railway. Wish I could incidentally describe the town, but I can't—it's that mixed up. It hasn't a whole street. It has a "square" just to the west of the depot. "Square" in name only, for it runs as it pleases, with streets running out—two to the north, one to the west, and that one which runs down along the track to the south.

"Main" Street has so many names that it's all owing to the man you ask, who can tell you where it is. I asked the Mayor and he said he didn't know—but then he's only been here four years. Like "Broadway," New York, so called because it is so narrow, "Main" Street, Cobalt, is so called because it runs off to the side, toward the east. I could once have jumped across it, it's that narrow. Two waggons might pass abreast, if one went in front, as Patrick would say, but would sure lock wheels if they went together. None of the roads are worked. Nothing seems to be "worked" in Cobalt but the people, and that keeps every-

body busy. They told me, before I came, that there was no water in Cobalt. It's all wrong. The day I landed there was lots of it, but it was all worked into the soil and got into your system over the tops of your shoes. This was uncomfortable for those who do not like water—and I met more of that kind in one week than I saw in New York City in seventeen years—*not* in Cobalt, as one *must* take water or go dry in this temperance town—unless—but that is also “another story,” which you may hear told the second day after you land. One of the O—— boys I met must have heard it the first day. He seemed so happy. Said he'd found a small menagerie up Main Street. He had only a vague notion of the animals, and all that he could remember was a little pig, and *it* was “blind”—poor thing! He wanted me to go see it, but I'm so tender-hearted that I cannot endure to look upon affliction, even in an animal, and I refused. Next time I saw him—an hour or two later—he couldn't have seen a pen of “pigs,” he was that “blind” himself. I don't know, but some one said he was “paralyzed.” And incidentally I've never before seen so many cases of “paralysis” in a healthy camp as in the Cobalt district, covering a distance of twenty miles. Some days the sound man is the exception. Newton, Kansas, in the Seventies, had more, and the difference was that in Newton they used powder guns to do the “shooting”; here they use superheated uncompressed “air”—lots and lots of it, and so full of “sulphur” that “His Majesty” might start a new “camp” with the output.

And yet Cobalt, notwithstanding, is unique in the mining camps of the world. No intoxicants are allowed, by law, to be sold; it has fine schools, many churches, and is fast coming out of the chaos of its earlier years.

But about Cobalt's topography, of which it has so great a variety—stumps predominating. You start up one street with a waggon, and you'll have to go around through some other street or you'll never get there, unless you go 'cross lots. The Government sells and takes out of one of its towns all it can possibly get and then leaves the town in the mud. It, or *they*,

as you choose, has taken out nearly two million dollars from sales of lots and mining rights in and around Cobalt, and has returned towards street improvement the munificent sum of *two thousand dollars*.

Governments are the same the world over. They take from them who need help the most and give to the localities where votes are most needed to the party—no matter which—in power.

The Wichita Congressman

I am reminded of an instance in my own country. A member of Congress from Wichita, Kansas, asked for \$20,000 to make the Arkansas River navigable from Arkansas City to Wichita. He had been very kind in voting for his brother members' pet schemes and of course got the twenty. He spent the money (SOME of it) in sticking in, along the banks, cottonwood brush. His party papers praised him, while the opposition papers were so glad to have so much money come into the community that they said nothing about it, and the rest of the country never heard of it. "Was his scheme successful?" you ask. Oh, yes, very, very successful. He went in next time with a largely increased majority, but I could have waded across the river just as easy as I could before. All parties and all Governments are the same. But that does not change the fact that Cobalt should be given a part of the wealth taken from it by the powers that be. Same with Latchford and Englehart, but I'll let them do their own talking.

Locations of Principal Mines

About two blocks back from the station (Cobalt's), the steep hill begins, and to get up you must drive sideways or not reach the top, on which so many of the great mines are located. Yes, right in town. See those shaft houses? Let's count those within a half mile of the station. Begin there at the south end of town, and count them in their order. Townsite, with the Silver Queen just below; power-house of the Cleveland-Cobalt,

with mines a mile and a half to the west, to which compressed air is piped from here; City of Cobalt, Nancy-Helen, Buffalo, Coniagas, Trethewey, the many mines of the great Temiskaming and Hudson Bay Company, and others to the north and west, just beyond the hill, out of sight of where we are sitting.

So much for the town and mines along the west side of the lake. Now look to the north of where we sit in front of the Cobalt Lake Company's office, and we'll count those in near view. There's the Larose, surrounded by the Chambers-Ferland; the O'Brien, to the east; the Right of Way, the strip running down along the railway; the Nipissing, just here to our back; the next, joining the "Nip" on the south, is one of the best known of all, by reason of its great value and much optioned early history, the McKinley-Darragh. This brings our vision to the south end of the lake and up to the railway, beyond which, to the west, I have already named the mines in sight.

Now, there, have you the "lay of the land" in mind? Before coming up to see for myself, I could never get Cobalt and its mines fixed rightly. I'd look at the map and still it was all hazy. But sitting here and looking around with the lake as the centre, it is so plain that I wonder that I should not have seen it all before.

I wondered if it were hilly, and if so, how hilly. The west and east are both a high ridge, in places running down to the lake's edge, while to the north and south is a valley through which the railway passes on an easy grade.

The mines of note, about which you hear so much, lie mostly in the district named around the lake. But many others are scattered in all directions save to the south. The Gillies Limit shuts off mining in that direction.

Gillies Limit

A report says that the Government was offered \$15,000,000 for the Gillies Limit. I do not believe it. I have too high an opinion of the wisdom of the men who run it. They may make errors in management, but their judgment would not allow them

to refuse an offer far above the value of a thing, and that sum is far above what this tract of country is worth. Just now they are putting its value to a test, by sinking a shaft. Although far down, they have, besides the shaft, sunk only money. They have, 'tis true, found some

Calcite

which leads up to the story of the tenderfoot who, shortly after his arrival, asked in all simplicity: "Which is the more valuable, calcite or silver?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Why? Well, I hear so much about calcite that I have come to look upon it as the most valuable of minerals. Everybody tells me: 'I've struck a splendid calcite vein,' and he's prouder over it than any one I've seen after shipping a car of silver ore that has brought him a hundred thousand dollars. Yes, calcite must be most valuable!" He later learned some things, and calcite's real worth was one of the things.

You, too, no doubt, want to learn some things, so let's talk about some of the mines. We won't talk of all of them. I've seen a lot of them that would come under the definition of the man who said: "A mine is a hole in the ground with a liar on top." This is more true than elegant. I could appreciate the fact one day when I went hunting for a wonderful mine (?) which a newspaper, in a big edition, had lauded to such a height that I expected to find a great plant with a hundred men bagging rich ore. Among my pictures you may see what I found.

The Liar Wasn't There That Day

A friend had asked me to go and look over the property and tell him if the newspaper story were all true. It took me over a month to find where the thing was located. Even the men I met on an adjoining claim could not tell me where it was. I put in the afternoon, as I was determined to find it. Finally, I found some men chopping wood in a clearing. I thought it was

a chopping bee, but instead, they told me that I had discovered the "mine" about which so many great things had been said in praise. I didn't want to lose the afternoon, so I took a photograph of a water-filled hole. I was sorry that the rest of the "mine" wasn't there. It may have been as well that "he" wasn't, as I was not in the best of humor after my long tramp through the briers, weeds and holes, hunting for "him" and "the hole in the ground." The company said they'd like to have me visit their mine and tell you about it. I have done so. I have even given you a photograph of it.

"Zay Got Ze Good Education"

It is the real mines about which I mean to tell you. Mines which are being honestly worked. They are not all "shippers" yet, but as a French woman, at a little country soft drinks cabin, said to me one day, as I asked, pointing to a nearby mine, that had closed down: "Why did they close?"

"Zay finds ze silver, now zay want find ze buyer." Pointing to another which had also closed, I asked: "Did they find the silver too?"

"No, but zay got ze good *education*." Same with the mines of which I shall tell you. They may not all have found silver, but they have good *indication*. The French soft drinks lady had innocently told a truth that many a mine-worker will too sadly appreciate, as the claims up here are not all silver mines, as I had thought they were before I came. Yes, I thought you could find silver lying loose about the whole country. You can't, though, and must be content to find it after much hard work, good management, and a good bit of outside money.

Do you think that it is found by simply digging into the ground? I did. I thought that you only had to dig and blast at random. Not so. You first hunt till you find a vein and then go down. You may find it near the top, as a few have done, or you may have to go down a hundred or more feet, and even then fail to get other than "ze good education." Men have

spent their last dollar, given up, heart-broken, and later learned the sad fact that one shot more would have made their fortune, which reminds me of

The "Other Foster's" Story

"An Irishman," said Foster (who starting in Ohio has been in possibly every mining camp on the continent, finally turning up in Cobalt), "out in Colorado had a gold claim. He used to work this claim until his money gave out, then mine for others until he had another 'stake,' when he'd go back to his own. Well, he finally gave up in disgust, and abandoned the claim. Another took it up, and in just two feet struck a fabulously rich vein, and at once had a great mine. Later, the Irishman, on seeing what he had lost, said: 'Oi've moined for forty years, and if Oi moine for a hunerd more, Oi'll niver, niver, stap in a shaft till Oi've gan two fate further.'"

THE COBALT LAKE MINING CO., LIMITED

WE will begin right where we sit to talk of the real mines. It will be like talking of the folks down home, since it may be called a home mine—so many Ottawans are there in it.

I have never before noted the absolute necessity of a company being run with scrupulously honest care as since coming to Cobalt. An honest, wise and careful directorate can take a mining property, which had been passed over by hundreds of prospectors, and bring it out one of the great successes of the camp, whilst a first choice may be purposely managed to death.

Not until the latter part of 1906 was the lake that lies along the east side of built-up Cobalt looked upon as of enough value to stake, while prospectors had gone miles away to take up claims which have long since been abandoned as of no value. When Cobalt Lake was offered for sale by the Government, it dawned upon so many that beneath its waters lay a vast deposit of silver, that \$1,085,000 were bid for it, and that too by some of the best business men in the country, who figured that with the greatest mines in the district surrounding it, this deep basin must contain fabulous wealth. Others said: "It may contain silver, but lying beneath a deep lake, it will not pay to go after it." These latter had not taken into account the men at the head of the purchasing company. Men are they to whom the difficulties of the "others" are but ordinary business propositions. And so it is being proved. They chose a manager who knew but to accomplish, and a mining engineer to whom the sinking and drifting under a lake was a simple thing.

Depth of Cobalt Lake

The first thing to do was to find the depth of the lake and the formation of the bottom. This they learned and made a chart of it. This chart shows the depth for every 66 feet to be about forty feet of water, and a deposit of about the same down to the bed rock.

Having a shore line extending back 33 feet from high water mark, they began sinking shafts, first by hand and later by the most approved machinery; with compressed air power for driving the drills, they have sunk one after another until they have now started on the seventh shaft. These, in their order, have reached 20, 48, 20, 162, 100, 106, 20 feet, and north shaft 70.

Having sunk, they purpose drifting and making a network of tunnels all throughout—far below the bottom of the lake, just as though it were but ordinary ground. From shaft No. 6 they will go under the south end of the lake, to catch the valuable veins known to run out from the McKinley-Darragh mines, and by tunnels connect the other shafts, catching veins on the way.

They Have Found It

The "Others" said: "We could have had that lake, but we did not want it." They would like to have it now! Yes, they are honest enough to admit their error. And why not? Even while getting *ready* to mine, so much silver has been dug that the value has been proved, and yet the great ore bed has scarce been touched.

The Indians Knew

Long years ago the Indians used to tell how that they found their silver trinkets beneath the water. They would never say where that water lay. They had a superstition that misfortune would follow should they give its hiding place. From the casual description given by wandering bands, many think that Cobalt's



T. McCamus
E. P. Smith

John Piche
John J. Grills

Adam Burwash

August A. McKelvie
George Taylor

A. I. Ritchie
Rev. J. T. Spaulding

John Dunkin
D. T. K. McEwen

Original Officers and Chief Factors in the Famous T. and H. B. Mining Company. See page 2



Photo of Lake by Bogart & Stokes, Cobalt
Photo Chromo, Nickelodeon

location was known to them, and doubtless from this very lake's borders came many of those trinkets, for scarce had the company begun work along the east shore when silver was found.

A Diversion of the Camp

Last winter, I am told, it was one of the diversions of Cobalt to cross on the ice, every few days, to see some new find made by the company, as the work went merrily along. Among the finds are fine samples of "wire" silver that are beautiful enough to enthuse the breast of other than an Indian. But what is a greater proof of a body of ore, lying far beneath the lake, is the continual finding of great masses of melted silver, as though in the æons ago, this metal, having filled the surrounding crevices, had poured in residue into this deep depression, from which a wise engineering skill is to wrest it for the enrichment of those whose faith is strong enough to await the proof.

Cobalt Lake Mining Co. Officers

The officials of the Company are the following: President, Sir Henry M. Pellatt, of Toronto; Vice-President, George F. Henderson, of Ottawa; Secretary-Treasurer, G. F. Morrison, Toronto. Directors: Hon. Frank Latchford; Thomas Birkett, ex-M.P.; Gordon C. Edwards; D. B. Rochester, Managing Director (all of Ottawa); Britton Osler, and Major J. A. Murray, of Toronto; and J. H. Avery, of Detroit, Mich. Engineer in charge of work, E. L. Fralick, Belleville.

The Plant

The Cobalt Lake have one of the most complete plants in the district. The buildings are large and well built. These are an office, dining-room and kitchen, bunk-house that would be a good model for many a hotel. In the spacious power-house are two 100 horse-power boilers, a 15-drill air compressor, from

which run out pipes to convey the air to all parts of the mines. A private electric light plant furnishes light to the buildings and mines.

History of the Mine

When Cobalt's history shall have been written, no chapter will compare in uniqueness with that of the Cobalt Lake Company. See the rapidity of its formation. On November 22nd, 1906, the first official announcement was made by the Government that the lake would be sold, and that the tenders would close on December 20th,—less than one month away. There was no time for any sort of an organization among capitalists, so a popular syndicate was formed and when the subscription lists were collected it was found that almost 700 had subscribed an average of about \$1,800 each—the larger number, of Ottawans. At the first meeting of the subscribers, Messrs. Geo. F. Henderson, Thomas Birkett and D. B. Rochester were appointed to deal with the matter, the last-named of whom had been active from the start, having long known of the property. These gentlemen went to Toronto, where several hundred thousand dollars had been subscribed. At a conference with Sir Henry Pellatt and Britton Osler, the two syndicates were united, and the amount thought to be necessary to bid in order to secure the property was decided by each of the conferees writing an amount upon a slip of paper. When these slips were collected and an average struck, the sum was found to be \$1,085,000, which was bid and the lake secured.

The company was quickly formed, capitalized at \$5,000,000, of which \$4,000,000 was to be issued at once, and each subscriber given three shares for each dollar of his subscription. It was decided to issue \$400,000 of treasury stock for development work and other necessary purposes. Most of this was taken up at 85 cents a share by the members of the syndicate. To do this, not a line of advertisement was necessary.

When the 85 cents were bid, it was all a vague prospect—now, months after, when the property is showing greater values

than were looked for, the stock has dropped to a point so far below, that to buy at present prices is like gathering money in with a shovel. Remember, as you read this a few months hence, that "I told you so." I speak with all confidence, for I have gone *down* to see.

Later.—No. 4 shaft, that started in nicolite, has run into native silver, showing up to 925 oz. The first shipment has just been made (Jan. 1908). It was 50,828 lbs. of high grade ore.

THE CITY OF COBALT MINING CO., LIMITED

SILVER has a way of intruding itself into all sorts of unlooked for places. One of the future great mines of the camp lies beneath the City of Cobalt itself, and for that reason the name of the company was well and appropriately chosen—and called The City of Cobalt Mining Company, Ltd. The company may be "Limited," but from indications, all over the 40 acres the mineral is in almost unlimited quantities. A shaft is being sunk at the southern part of the property, and already three well-defined veins have been struck while sinking the shaft, and fifteen veins have been found upon the small part partially prospected. Its value may be known by the producing properties adjoining. It is touched and bounded on the north by the great Coniagas; the west by the famous mines of Buffalo, Nancy-Helen and Cobalt Townsite; south-east by the first find, the McKinley-Darragh; south-west, by the Silver Queen; east, by one of the greatest silver propositions in the world, the Nipissing, and still another whose value was placed at more than a million dollars by some of the best business men in the Dominion, The Cobalt Lake, whose showings continue to prove the wisdom of the men who paid the million. Then to the north-east is the widest known of all, being the second discovered, the Larose, with ten millions of value blocked out, and being shipped in fortune lots—one car reaching the sum of \$126,000.

Amid these surroundings, "The City of Cobalt" need but to go contentedly along, paving the way for the stored-up fortunes that lie waiting to be dug out and carried away for years to come. The company are in no hurry. They are getting ready in the most thorough manner possible, the mine foreman, W. J. Donald-

son, being a miner of long experience in Alaska and British Columbia, and being most practical, he is sinking one of the safest and best shafts in the camp. Everything shows permanency. "No gophering for The City of Cobalt," says W. J.; "when we start to ship, we will keep at it, with no danger of running short of material, which we will be able to mine at the least possible expense."

A mere glance at the list of officers will prove to those who know them, that every dollar will be fully accounted for to the stockholders. These officers are: H. H. Lang, President and Managing Director; First Vice-President, R. F. Shillington; Second Vice-President, W. F. Powell. Directors with the above: A. J. Young, ex-Mayor P. J. Finlan, Milton Carr, B. W. Leyson, Newton J. Ker, J. Glendening, J. Stevenson. W. H. Lewis, Secy.-Treas.; W. J. Donaldson, Mine Foreman.

The history of a mine is ever of interest to me. The City of Cobalt has its history. It was discovered and organized by Mr. H. H. Lang, an Ottawa man, who does not look like he had been interested in mining for twenty-one years—in Nova Scotia, British Columbia, and for a time in Los Angeles, California. He came to Cobalt in March of 1905, and seeing the vast possibilities, set men to work prospecting. Cobalt being vested in the Railway Commission, it was sold in town lots by them. As these lots carried mining rights, Mr. Lang bought 41, and later acquired the mining rights of much of the rest of the town site. He at once interested many other Ottawans, who could not but see the great value of Mr. Lang's holdings and the company was at once organized, with the capital placed at \$500,000, which, considering the property, is very low.

Later.—The City of Cobalt has become a shipping mine, with some of the richest ore in the camp. Mr. Lang, its President and Managing Director, is now Cobalt's Mayor. Cobalt makes history so fast that one must rush to keep up.

THE NANCY-HELEN MINES, LIMITED

"We could ship ore now," said Mr. J. F. Black, General Manager and Director of the Nancy-Helen Mines, Ltd. "We have sacked three carloads of good ore taken from our shaft, but we do not purpose beginning to ship until we can keep right on, and to get ready as we are getting ready takes time," and when I saw what was meant by "getting ready," I did not wonder that it should take time.

So many of the mines, in their rush to get to shipping, in order to make a "Good Impression" on their stockholders and the public, start before they are ready, and then the management wonder that their mines should lose their good name when shipping is stopped to do what should have been done before they started to send out the few cars sacked.

Like The City of Cobalt, the Nancy-Helen is "right in town," their shaft and numerous well-equipped buildings adjoin the first-named mines on the west, and lie between "The City of Cobalt" and the Buffalo.

Here is what Manager Black calls "getting ready." They have an 89-foot shaft, a large shaft-house, rock, power, and hoist houses; large cook and dining, and bunk houses, stable and other buildings. They have just installed and started running a 100 h.p. Weber Producer Suction Gas plant, together with a Rand 6-drill compressor, steam hoist, air drills, etc.

There are few mines in the camp that have made the thorough preparation that has been made by the Nancy-Helen. This is because the Black Brothers, in their long experience in the Sudbury mining district, learned that the only way to mine profitably was to first have installed the most approved equipment. No,

I am wrong in that "first." I should have said that the first thing necessary to mine profitably is a good mineralized property. That the Nancy-Helen surely has, in its 43 acres, in the very heart of this fabulously rich mining district. Looking from the office there may be seen these great mining properties—most of them immediately adjoining. The Buffalo, Trethewey, Coniagas, City of Cobalt, Larose, Nipissing, McKinley-Darragh, Cobalt Lake, Right-of-Way, etc. More than a dozen well-defined veins have already been located, and while sinking the shaft three rich veins were struck, from which the three cars of ore now ready sacked were taken. This ore runs from \$600 to \$900 per ton, and is getting richer as the shaft is being sunk.

He Lacked the Twenty

Mr. J. F. Black has had some interesting experience in Cobalt. He came shortly after McKinley and Darragh located their now famous mine, which at the time they valued at a trifle of \$20,000. "Why didn't you take it?" I asked of J. F. "Why? Well, I was like the barefoot Irishman who said he could buy a pair of boots for a quarter, but he didn't have the quarter. Same here, I didn't have the twenty. Later I got a ninety-day option on it at \$150,000, and beginning work, soon had out five carloads of ore. I got a Chicago firm enough interested to send a mining expert (spare the term) to look at the property. He came, looked wise, examined the five cars of ore—which I really don't believe he knew from common rock—saw the hole from which we had taken the ore, and then after looking wise again, he went back to Chicago and reported that he had seen a "fair showing," but that he could not advise the purchase, as he was afraid the "thing" would not hold out. The "thing" went into a company inside of three months at \$2,500,000, and the stock has since sold at a price to indicate a value of \$10,000,000, and only recently they have struck another immense vein of rich ore. Yes, I have regretted several times since, that I hadn't the \$20,000, but then as the Nancy-Helen continues to grow

richer and richer, I guess I will, in the end, have little reason to worry over the fortune I *might* have made over there," as he pointed at the derricks of the McKinley-Darragh that were lifting out the rock at the new vein.

Later.—The Nancy-Helen has been added to the list of shippers, and has put in many improvements. The shaft has been driven down over 100 feet and much drifting done.

SOME OTHER LAKES

WE'VE looked over the great mines that surround Cobalt Lake, now let's take a run out through and around the lakes that lie to the east and southerly from Cobalt.

PETERSON LAKE

Just over the hill to the east, and within the limits of the Nipissing's 846 acres, is a three-leafed lake named Peterson, after August Peterson, a Swede pioneer. When the Earle syndicate bought the Nipissing property, they thought they owned this lake, but they were mistaken, and it became a separate company, selling for \$240,000, and afterwards capitalized at \$3,000,000. This lake reaches a bit beyond the Nipissing's eastern limit, and touches the Nova Scotia, another of the well-known mines discovered by Murty McLeod and a Mr. Woodworth. To the east of the Nova Scotia is the Airgoid, one of the many W. S. Mitchell properties.

GIROUX LAKE

To the south of Peterson is a beautiful lake called after Fred Giroux, an 1895 pioneer, whose story is worthy a passing word, as showing what it was to be a pioneer of the wilderness of thirteen years ago.

Fred and his father, Peter Giroux, came to Haileybury from the valley of the Gatineau. They came to find and locate land. They were told that all the land but two lots was taken up, but going to see John Armstrong, the Crown Land Agent, at New Liskeard, they learned a different story. Little of the land was

taken, although a very few were trying, by *all* sorts of means, to claim "everything, and the lots adjacent thereto." The Giroux took each a claim, but it cost Peter his life. He was set upon and beaten so terribly that in a few weeks he died "*of heart disease*," as the verdict stated. After his death some one made application for his lot. In the affidavit for cancellation the "some one" swore that "Fred" Giroux was dead. Fred at once denied the statement. Said he never was more alive since he was born, and the "some one" had to be content with one lot less. It is said that Fred had things made very interesting for him because he *wasn't* dead. But he could not be driven out. He took up lot 12 in the second concession of Bucke, on part of which is now North Cobalt. Peter Giroux took up the lot on which afterwards were located some of the famous mines of the camp, the Green-Meehan, Red Rock, Cobalt-Contact, the Hunter, the Stellar, and several others. Fred discovered the Strathcona on lot 10 of the second concession of Bucke, which he sold for \$25,000. Thus his pluck in not being scared off has made him one of the successes of the district, and is living retired and in comfort.

CROSS LAKE

Cross Lake is the longest of all the lakes of which Coleman township has so many. It starts near North Cobalt and runs angling to the south-east some three miles. It is long and narrow. A little steamboat plies its full length, by which many of the mining properties are reached. From the steamer may be seen the Colonial, the Violet, the Watts or King Edward, the Victoria, and numerous others. About a mile south from its southern point is a rich "nest" of mines and promising properties, of which the Temiskaming is the "nest egg," the greatest surprise of the camp. Starting on a little calcite vein, it has run into fabulous wealth, even since I first reached the camp in May.

Here are the Lumsden mines, the Coleman Development, the Beaver, the Rochester, etc.

KERR LAKE

Next to Cobalt Lake for rich surroundings are Kerr and Glen Lakes. They lie to the south-east of Cobalt—one mile east and one mile south to take the exact angle.

Around Kerr are the Drummond, Jacobs or Kerr Lake, Silver Leaf and the famous "Lawson vein."

Around this little sheet of water clusters so much of wealth—silver and human—that I might write of it a volume of intense interest, if I but told the simple facts. Here it was, upon its eastern border, where went out the life of one who had made a whole world happy. It was here where dear Dr. Drummond spent the last days of his life, and there in that cottage, on the very crest of the hill, he breathed out a last good-bye to the sorrowing thousands who had so learned to love him.

Drummond's Prophecy

Following is the last verse penned by the Doctor. It was written the day he was stricken with the illness from which he died a few days later. It was written to Judge W. Foster, of Knowlton, P.Q.

Note the prophecy in the letter. Were he living to-day, he would see the beginning of his prediction, as the riches of Cobalt Camp is proving greater with each succeeding month of its development.

Drummond Mines, Limited, Giroux Lake Post Office, via Cobalt, Ont., March 31st, 1907:

My Dear Judge,—

From far-off wild Temagami,
Land of the silver gnome;
My warmest greetings go to thee,
Among the hills of Brome.

We were among the first of the pioneers to come to this district of silver, cobalt, nickel, copper, and arsenic, and have done fairly well, and still "playing the game." We are not a stock company, save among ourselves, and are not selling shares, only ore, of which we have shipped a good many carloads since beginning operations. The camp as a whole has provided in silver over \$6,000,000 worth, which is not bad for a piece of country practically shunned by even the Indians only a year or two ago. To-day, however, the Cobalt region has no reason to complain of its obscurity, for its reputation is world-wide.

"Wild cats" flourish, of course, and I wish the Government would proclaim an "open season" for these destructive animals, without any limit to the number killed. North of us lies a territory which, in the opinion of geologists, is soon to yield us gold, and perhaps particularly copper galore.

This century certainly belongs to Canada, and the whole railway trail to James Bay will see, in a few years, the smoke of concentrators and so forth rising up over the land, hitherto supposed to be barren of anything save a few trees of miserable dimensions.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) W. H. DRUMMOND.

The stories of the discoveries of the mines around Kerr Lake are too much a part of the camp to leave out. One of these stories connects the old with the new—the very first of long ago with the present.

A Mining Family—the Wrights

It was E. V. Wright who in 1879 discovered the first mine in this upper country. Mr. Wright had long been connected with the lumber business, and while looking after his interests in the vicinity of Lake Temiskaming, ran upon mineral six miles north of Ville Marie, on the Quebec side of the lake. For years his sons, E. C. and Marty, used to come up with their

father, first to see the mine and later to work it, thus gaining a knowledge of mining that later stood them in such good stead. A good story is told of the day the Ottawa boys were starting for

The North-West, or Riel Rebellion

The day they were leaving the Union Depot Mr. Wright, E. C. and Marty were at the station, to come up to the mines. An old apple woman, seeing the two little boys among the soldiers, and thinking that they were going to fight, said: "Wurra, wurra, phat koind o' mithers musht ye buys hev, ter lit ye be goin' to th' war!"

This was in 1885. Mr. Wright and the boys went with the soldiers as far as Sturgeon Falls, where they started across through the Temagami country to the Temiskaming Lake. The country was a vast wilderness. No trail which they could take, and yet without guide they came through with their canoe, reaching Temiskaming without mishap. Mr. Wright's knowledge of the woods is that of the born guide.

Like Father, Like Sons

In the spring of 1903 the son, E. C. Wright, came to Haileybury to take charge of a sawmill. It was in August of that year that McKinley and Darragh made the first Cobalt discovery, followed a month and two months later by the discoveries by Larose and Herbert (the Nipissing mines). E. C. being on the ground, took a deep interest in the finds, and writing his brother Marty, so interested him that he too came up, in 1904. Starting out to prospect, they came over to this lake, where the indications showed that mineral must be found. They were not long in making two of the great discoveries of the Cobalt camp.

The Drummond and Jacobs

Marty discovered the great Drummond mine, and a few days later, in September, E.C. found the Jacobs. These discoveries made both men comparatively rich, and repaid them for the

years spent in the old days gaining a knowledge of mining in the rocks of this far north country.

Marty, seeing the vast unused water-powers of the Montreal River, and knowing the uses to which they might be put, applied for the greatest one of all—the Notch, almost at the very mouth. The Government being convinced that he was well conversant with hydraulics, and that he would properly develop the power, granted him a charter for this wonderful fall, where the whole river passes through a gorge so narrow that it can be harnessed and utilized at a minimum of cost.

The brothers have many other interests in the country where they came as poor men to take their place among the “Successes of the Camp.”

The Silver Leaf

The name “Silver Leaf” is known wherever the fame of Cobalt has reached. It lies on the westerly side of Kerr Lake. Its history is one of the best stories of the camp. It was staked, thrown out, staked again, thrown out, and not until the most lucky man of the whole camp made on it a discovery, was it looked upon as anything but barren rock. By persistent prospecting it finally promises to become one of the good things of Cobalt. I sincerely trust so—I got in at 31.

We now come to the last of the four claims that surround Kerr Lake. By reason of the vast wealth spent in the many law courts, through which it has passed, and the phenomenal rise of the man who discovered it,

“The Lawson Vein”

has few equals in the silver stories of the world. On the very surface, there by the road-side, leading to the Jacobs or Kerr Lake, may be seen a wide vein of solid silver. So rich is it that even in this camp of wonders the oldest world-miners stand in amazement, as they exclaim: “We never saw the like before!”

I’m going to let an old miner tell the story of this rich find.

One day while sitting around a prospector's tent, just across from the Haileybury railway station, listening to the mining stories of a lot of prospectors, who had here collected from almost every mining country of the world, and after each one had told of the wonderful finds of some far away land, this prospector, who had always sat silent while the stories of other camps were being reeled off, broke in with: "Talkin' 'bout accidentals, let me tell you, y' don't have to go into yer Death Vallies to get blowed up, en starved crazy, t' find good stories 'bout strange deescouvertes. Y've herd of th' Lawson Mine? Ever hear th' fax 'bout its discovery? Never? Well, 'twas this way, in 's few words as I can tell it, as I haint much on story tellin'. Four men with two names formed a prospectin' company. They'd never knowed each other 'fore they got to this country. They jist sort o' drifted natchurly tergether and started to hunt fer leads. There was Murty McLeod, of the Ottawa Valley, an' John McLeod, of out in West Ontario somewhere, an' Donald Crawford, of Acton, Ontario, an' Tom Crawford, of Renfrew. They hed only two names between 'em an' yit they were no more relation than we are.

"They'd hunted an' hunted, till one day Murty, while snoopin' 'round, struck the goods—struck the pure stuff, an' then they set up a holler which haint done soundin' yit. Y' may guess they hed reason fer hilarity if y' ever stood on the big vein o' solid silver thet Murty found thet day out there by Kerr Lake.

"They staked it in Tom Crawford's name, an' Tom he ups an' sells out the hull thing to a feller by th' name of Lawson—H. S. Lawson—for \$250. Yes, millions fer a measly \$250. The other three wouldn't stan' fer it, an' went an' put a injunckshun ter stop the sale. Then the fun started. It's gone thru three courts—each one decidin' thet all four hed an ekel interest. The other three sold their chances t' the Larose Mine Company. Clark and Miller got mixed up somehow, and are in for a possible one thirty-second of Tom's one-fourth. My eyes, but it was a conglomeration! It ran in the courts fer two an' a half year, an' I guess haint thru yit. It wus worth millions an' yit

when things was th' highest they coodn't do a thing but jist law, an' law, an' law. Yes, I guess yer don't hev to git out o' Cobalt t' find as good accidentals as y' can find in all th' hull wurd," and the quiet prospector went away back and sat down on a log by the tent flap.

Of course you will all want to know about Murty, you who've never been here—the rest know him already.

Murty McLeod

The name of Murty McLeod is so identified with Cobalt that to think of the one is to recall the other. Coming from Bracebridge, Ont., to New Liskeard, a thriving town ten miles north of Cobalt, in 1902, he was among the first to appreciate the importance of the discovery of silver, and from the poor man of 1902 he is to-day one of the rich men of the Cobalt camp.

The McLeod Discoveries

are among the most important of the whole district. He it was who discovered the now famous Lawson Vein; in July of 1904, with George Glendenning, he discovered the first silver outside the immediate mines around Cobalt Lake, on what became the Colonial mine; with Marty Wright he prospected around Kerr and Giroux Lakes, where Marty discovered the Drummond and he the near-by Silver Nugget; and in October, with Mr. Woodworth, he discovered the Nova Scotia mines. His knowledge of Coleman stood him in good stead—knowledge gained while helping make the survey of the township.

Mr. McLeod is connected with many of the mining companies. He is President of the Hudson Bay Extended, which, with the Clear Lake Mining Company, forms the Cleveland-Cobalt Mining Company. He is President of the Prince Rupert Mining Company; director of the Brooks-Hudson Silver Mining Company, and with interests in many other companies. He holds one-tenth of the City of Cobalt, one of the great mines.

Not only is he interested in mining, but in many other things.



Mines Photo by Bogart & Stokes

The Foster Mines and their Discoverers, Dr. Albert and his son, Clement A. Foster

See pages 33, 35, 104





Kerr Lake Mines, and E. C. Wright, their Discoverer

The lower picture is of the Drummond Mine, and its discoverer, Marty Wright. It was Mr. E. V. Wright, father of these enterprising young men, who made the first discovery of mineral in this north country, "The Wright Mines," in the Province of Quebec, across Lake Temiskaming from Haileybury—now the home of E. C. and Marty—were discovered nearly a third of a century ago. They are to be reopened and worked by the Larose Co., who have recently acquired them. It was in the cottage, that may be faintly seen in the clump of trees, where the loved Dr. Drummond died, early in April, 1907.



Photos by Bogart & Stokes

He is President of the Galoska Mercantile Company, President of the Macgladery Hardware Co., with stores in New Liskeard and Englehart; and a large owner of coal lands in British Columbia.

Unlike so many men of wealth, Mr. McLeod takes an active interest in the welfare of his town. He has long been a member of the New Liskeard School Board, and to him much is due the high standard of education in his town. Already New Liskeard has a \$20,000 public school building, and is shortly to have a fine High School.

His success is but one of the many instances of what has been done in this country of successes, where men have come with a determination to do their part. Many have grown rich by accident; Murty McLeod has grown rich by wise judgment and indomitable push. Coming with no money, he did whatsoever his hands found to do. He worked on the North Road as a day laborer, and, as above, he helped on surveys—at anything that presented itself to turn a dollar. To such as he wealth is a blessing—not only to himself, but to the community of which he is a part.

Every mining camp has its figures who stand out when its discoveries and doings become history. Cobalt has its figures, and its history would be most incomplete without the name of Murty McLeod of New Liskeard.

GLEN LAKE

Now let's go down the road a short distance southerly, as Kerr and Glen Lakes are quite close together, and visit among the mines that surround the latter. Here are the Cobalt Central, out of which "Big Pete" made a fortune, the Bailey, the University and one of the most famous and the best equipped of the whole district, the Foster.

The day we visited this mine—the Foster—we had so timed the hour that we reached there for dinner. Not so much for the

meal, but to see how it was served, as we had heard so often about "that little railroad that runs from the kitchen right through the whole length of the long dining-room, carrying dinner for eighty to a hundred men." I've never seen a better equipped road from track to rolling stock. And the freight! "Gee whiz," as Leo would say, "that dinner!" No wonder the Foster can have its pick of the miners! Everybody likes "good eatin'," and the miner is no exception. "It pays," said Mr. McDonald, the manager. "Feed men well and they will work well." When I reach the age of reason, and quit writing, I shall apply for a position at the Foster. "What can I do?" "Why, help handle the 'freight' on 'that little railroad'."

Here is just where will fit the very best story of my collection. I had thought to reserve it for my second edition, but I will not keep it from you—"too good to keep."

ROMANCE OF THE CAMP

THINGS romantic always seem to occur away off at the other place. We cannot look upon them near by with the natural eye as when we read of them, and see them through the eye of the romancer. For this reason there is occurring in our midst, every day, that which if told of some far-away place would have all the qualities of fiction. Then, again, real-life things never seem to fit. It's only in fiction that we look for everything coming out right in the end. But there are exceptions, and I'm going to tell you of one of these exceptions, right here in the Cobalt Silver Camp—right here on the border of Glen Lake.

The story is of a young man who has figured largely in the early beginnings of Cobalt. He was a mining engineer—a graduate of a Michigan college, putting himself through with his pen and by teaching district schools. After graduating, he went into many of the western mining camps. Somehow a fate drove him along from one to the other, for scarcely had he been well located when a "strike" would come and drive him on to the next. Being a Canadian, and hearing of the wonderful things of Cobalt, he came to find for himself the truth or error of the marvellous stories of the riches that lay hidden in this upper country. He reached here in March of 1904. He worked upon a claim he had staked during the remainder of that year and all throughout 1905. His money giving out, his father, a dentist, sent him \$50 a month. Growing tired of hearing of no results, the father said: "Give it up and come home." He had reared the boy and yet did not know him. "Give up? Never!" And that winter he went to a near-by village and clerked for a hardware merchant. Spring had scarce chased away the snows of winter when the youth was again at work upon his claim. He

had never lost faith in the good pay that was leading him on to fortune. His pluck and perseverance made his father think that "The boy must have reason for his perseverance," and the \$50 per month was renewed. This, as above, was the spring of 1905. Later the father came to see what was being done with the money. He found his son, and an English workman, hard at work trenching, and incidentally he (the son) was the first one to try this means of finding veins. Now it is general.

"'Tis an Ill Wind That Blows Nobody Good"

The black flies, which have made so many good Sunday School boys forget what their teachers told them, must have been as active in 1905 as they are this year. At any rate, they drove the father out of camp very early one morning. He wandered down to the edge of a little lake upon the claim, and while picking along its border, came upon a strange formation, which he carried back to camp. The minute the English workman saw it he cried out, "Hits the *bluddy bloom!*"—while the son exclaimed: "At last! Father, you have found our fortune!" And so it proved, for by autumn the boy who had clerked in a store, rather than give up and go home a failure, could have bought out a hundred such stores.

That was not all. An adjoining claimholder had failed to find mineral and had abandoned his holding. Immediately it was restaked by the widest-known man in the camp—a man whose death has since caused more than one nation to mourn. He, too, failed to find paying mineral and gave it up. By this time the whole camp believed that there was silver on that oft-staked claim, and on Monday morning, following the Saturday of its abandonment, there were a half-hundred prospectors looking for enough to stake on. Forty-nine of them did not know that silver lay beneath a pile of brush hard by. The fiftieth one *did* know, but said not a word until his men came running in with "She's staked!" That brush-pile flew in several directions, and the discovery stake was firmly planted. The

fortunate one was the youth of whom I am writing. For this he and his men (for he has ever remembered the boys who helped him win his fortune) received \$135,000. Incidentally the claim was capitalized for five million dollars, and has become one of the most famous in all the camp. The vein was but a "stringer," and running out, no other of much value has since been found, save a far-extending and generous "public," many of whom might paper their dining-rooms with the stock, and thus get *some* use of it.

Later.—It's goin' to be a good un after all.

\$84 to Take Out the First Car

One incident more: After the discovery was made by the father; that early morning, there was yet much work to do before shipping ore was reached, and during the time the first car was being dug and loaded, the young man had but \$84 for incidentals to run the camp. But when once that car reached market, his financial worries ended and since that time—well—his only worries are how to wisely employ the results of his good fortune.

Many of you already know of whom I have been telling, while still more have heard parts of the story of the success of

Clement A. Foster

of the famous Foster Mine, about which so much is heard wherever stocks are sold. Mr. Foster is not in any way now connected with the mine. He sold at a time when the public's faith was strongest.

He sought another mine of wealth. Looking about, his eye naturally fell upon the marvel of this northland—Haileybury three years ago a little country village, with summer communication by the lake steamers, and in winter shut away from the world till the melting of the ice in spring brought round the boats again.

It was little part of wisdom to see that the village must become a thriving city, and yet no one could have reasonably predicted the rapidity with which has come the realization. From a few

houses scattered here and there among the stumps, Haileybury has spread far up and down along a magnificent hillside, and has grown and is growing so fast that one cannot get out of hearing of the music of saw and hammer. Where at first stood one-story "shacks" now stand blocks running up to three and four-story modern business buildings, while fine residences, whose architecture would beautify any city, are seen building all throughout the town. The very air is permeated with a progress that is truly wonderful, and I speak with reason when I call it the "Marvel of this Northland."

It was to Haileybury that Mr. Foster came to seek his next mine of wealth. He was quick to note that its "calcite" days had passed and the pure metal lay ready to be garnered. Knowing that vast quantities of lumber must be needed for the building of the future city, he set going a great sawmill, and knowing that the boundaries must be widely extended, he looked about to see in which direction the town must naturally grow. Again, it was little part of wisdom to determine in which direction it must extend, with a stretch of land lying to the north already practically laid out with natural terraces, rising from the lake on the east to the railway on the west. It was here he purchased 340 acres, and has laid out the finest addition in the town. It is so situated that every building erected may face the lake—a rare and almost perfect condition. The lake shore will be beautified with a wide tree-embowered boulevard running the full length of his grounds. One can already see in mind the magnificent summer homes of the rich of many cities, who will come to enjoy these ideal sites, overlooking the broad Temiskaming.

Unlike so many men whom fortune favors, Mr. Foster thinks of those who are in need of generous care. He has already given 22 acres in the south of the town for the hospital which will shortly be built for Haileybury and surrounding country, and doubtless he will do more than his part toward its erection.

In concluding this "Romance of the Camp," to round it out as only in fiction do we look for like rounding out—where two

years ago this young man had to eke out existence as a plain clerk, he is now the Mayor of the town, doing herculean work for its advancement. He has already secured for it a High School and during his *regime*, Haileybury will doubtless be made the judicial centre of a wide district, while he is planning many things for giving it a permanency that will stop short of nothing but the making of it the city supreme of this whole northern country.

Nor did his good fortune stop when wealth had poured into his coffers. Another had been watching his career, and said "Yes" to life's most romantic question, and now seconds him in every effort toward making Haileybury a social centre. No good work is ever proposed that Mrs. Foster does not do her part. Her beautiful home is thrown open for literary and musical circles, and the young people of the town have naught but good to say of her.

Could fiction excel this story? Could the romancer plan one more perfect? "This is the exception—right here in the Cobalt Silver Camp—right here on the border of Glen Lake."

A CLUSTER OF GOOD ONES

I HAD been in and around Cobalt more than two months before I knew personally of some of the most promising mines in the whole camp. Meeting an Ottawa friend one day, he asked me to come out to the district in the south-east corner of Bucke township, to the south of North Cobalt. It is now a pleasure to say that I accepted the invitation and went, for I shall ever remember that visit as the most enjoyable of any I made, by reason of the much kindness shown me.

It reminded me of that day in old Virginia, when caught in a snowstorm, I was snow-bound among a lot of most delightful people at a little cross-roads. The kindness there was the same, but with the difference that I here found men of wide travel. There was R. W. Edey, the mining expert, long with the Clergues of the Soo, who with Ed. Mohr, also of the Clergues, are now connected with the Hiawatha Mining Company. Near by was George Dawson, of Montreal, long in the Klondyke, who with his brother are finding good things at the Ruby Silver Mine. The famous Red Rock Mine, and the equally famous Green-Meehan, are just to the east and adjoining the Ruby. At the latter I found Manager Charlie O'Connell, of California, who seemed at once my friend when he spoke of Dr. Drummond. It was to Charlie that the Dr. sent his last poem. It was signed the very day he was stricken. Just to the north and adjoining, is the Hunter Mine, known locally as the Latchford, from Hon. Frank Latchford, its president. Here I found M. P. Powers, the manager, going with his men to dinner, which meant that my dinner was ready too, for in all this district hospitality is so general that one might think himself in "The Valley of Virginia."

The next mine to the east is the Stellar, with H. G. Watkins, of Kingston, an old Frontenac miner in charge—my good friend J. F. Black, also of the Nancy-Helen, manager. Not far away I found George Fillion, manager of the Cobalt-Contact, justly elated over one of the most important finds made in the whole district. It was free silver, and quite near the surface. From here I turned to the north to find the Argyle. Passing up the lake shore, I was surprised to hear my name called by some little berry-pickers. I went up along the side hill, where I found a number of the little children whom I had seen that day at the Sunday School picnic at the Old Mission, down the lake. To be remembered by the little ones is ever a real pleasure, and to strengthen the friendship I stopped and helped them fill their remaining empty bucket. It is these occasional stops through life that make for lasting memory—stops to help the little ones fill the “remaining empty bucket.” Not far away I came to the most beautifully located mine in all the country—the Argyle. It lies high above the lake border. The camp is as pretty as a well-planned summer home.

From the Argyle I returned by way of the Hunter, and other mines, to my starting point.

His Compass Was Wrong

On my way across to some of the other mines I heard a man calling, as though in great distress. I went to the voice, and found a lost man—one of the most lost fellows I had ever found. He was almost frantic. Never before had I seen a Philadelphian so excited. “Really, Mr., I do think I had gone out of my mind had you not come in time. I’ve been going since noon, and I just thought I never would get out of these awful woods.”

“If you are addicted to the habit of getting lost,” said I, “you should never go into the woods without a compass.”

“Compass? Why, bless you, I have a compass, but every time I turned around it went wrong, and I got lost all over again. I never in my life saw such a fool compass as this one,” and he

showed it to me. It sure was a good one. I couldn't but think of the fellow who fell out of a canoe, and trying to swim was near drowning and called lustily for help, when a man on the bank yelled at him to "stand up," which he did in less than three feet of water. Same with my lost man, he wasn't a hundred yards from the road that would have led him back to the camp from which he had started, and to which he was praying to be returned. He seemed to think that he was still in Philadelphia, for he offered to pay me \$5 for finding him. But I told him this was Canada where they find people as a pastime, and refused his "five." He seemed disappointed, which showed how scared he was.

THE NORTH COBALT MINING COMPANY, LIMITED

Over in that "Nest of Good Ones" is one especially promising. It is rich in native silver and, what is peculiar in the district, it is free from cobalt. This is owned by the North Cobalt Silver Mines Company. It was discovered by John McMahon, of Haileybury, who had so much faith in his find that in selling, he took a good part of the price in the stock of the company. His wisdom is being shown in the rich ore now being bagged and stored for the rise in silver. This is one of the companies with a well-filled treasury, and can hold the product until price warrants shipment. It must shortly be added to the list of shipping mines, as under the wise management of H. E. Jackman, a practical mine man, of Rochester, New York, it grows richer with depth. It has a well-equipped plant, good substantial buildings, and is being increased by the instalment of new and up-to-date machinery.

The officers of the company are: President, Mr. Joseph D. Qualey, of New York City; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Ernest K.

Henderson, New York City. Directors: J. D. Qualey, E. K. Henderson, John J. Welch, of New York City; Louis D. Webster, of Chicago, and Fred. A. Day, of Haileybury, Ont.

Mr. Qualey, who gained his knowledge of mining in Mexico, is one of those genial characters so popular in the mining camp—a sort of a Charlie Gifford, McMartin Brothers type—the kind that makes you glad you're alive. The kind that makes you like to stop and talk about them, and then go on thinking better of this cold old world. That's the kind of man is Joseph D. Qualey.

Mr. Day, one of the leading young lawyers of the Cobalt district, is the attorney as well as resident director of the company. The mine is on part of the north-east one-fourth of the north half of lot 13, in concession 1 of Bucke township, just a mile north of the Coleman and Lorain line, and a little south of east of the North Cobalt station on the T. and N. O. It is the furthest north, of the producing mines, in the Cobalt district—possibly because of its much development.

HUNTER COBALT SILVER MINING COMPANY, LIMITED

In this immediate vicinity, in fact joining the North Cobalt Company, just mentioned, is another that is bound to become one of the good ones of the camp. It was staked before the township of Bucke was laid out, so that the lines of the 40 acres cut into the Green-Meehan, North Cobalt, the Cobalt Company, the Big Ben, ten chains from the rich Cobalt-Contact, and but a short distance from the Stellar. We find it thus adjoining a shipper, and others which must shortly be added to that much-desired list. It is held under a direct patent from the Crown. It is locally known as the Latchford Mine, from its president, the Hon. Frank Latchford.

It lies a short mile due east of the T. and N.O. Railway, at

North Cobalt, and is in lots 13 and 14 in the first and second concessions of Bucke township, two miles north-east of Cobalt, and a little over a mile south of Haileybury. From this it may be seen that its situation is most excellent. It has one of the best sets of buildings in the district, consisting of a large two-story sleeping camp; fine two-story dining camp, with cook camp in the rear; a 16 by 24 office; blacksmith shop, powder house, boiler house, ice house, stables, storehouses, etc. Both sleeping and dining camps are covered with metal siding and shingles.

The assays show from \$8.50 up to 1,258 oz. in silver and carries high values in gold. One assay by the famous R. H. Hersey, of Montreal, yielded \$29 in gold, and another by Mr. Connor, of the Geological Survey, gave \$28 per ton in gold.

The officers and directors of the company are: President, Hon. F. R. Latchford, K.C., ex-Attorney-General of Ontario; Vice-President, W. Lake Marler, late Manager Merchants Bank of Canada; Sec.-Treas., J. J. Heney, of John Heney & Son, coal merchants; all of Ottawa. Superintendent: M. P. Powers, of Haileybury.

Its head office is at 19 Elgin Street, Ottawa.

The capital stock of the Hunter is \$1,000,000, with \$250,000 in the treasury.

When I visited the mine in the early autumn, I found Mr. Powers busy trenching, sinking shafts, and drifting. No. 1, or the Powell shaft, was down 60 feet. From this level, drifts were in, north and south, 62 feet; No. 2 shaft was down 53 feet on a large vein of calcite, cobalt and native silver. From the 50-foot level of this shaft drifts were in 30 feet; No. 3 shaft was down 64 feet. Only a little drifting was done from this shaft, and that simply to tap the vein which had left the shaft at the 57-foot level. From the vein in this shaft calcite was found 14 inches in width, and when the calcite is replaced by the native silver, as they have all reason to expect, the values must be great. Several tons of ore have since been sacked, and the Hunter must ere long join the shippers.

THE STELLAR SILVER COBALT CORPORATION, LIMITED

I had seen some of the beautiful samples from the Stellar before I visited the mines cornering the Green-Meehan, to the north-east, so that I wasn't surprised to have Captain H. G. Watkins say: "See that, and that, and that," as he pointed out, on the sorting table, fine specimens of native and wire silver and argentite, which are now the product of this valuable mine.

The Stellar lies in Lot 14, in the first concession of Bucke, and comprises some over forty acres.

It was little risk and no surprise when pay ore was struck, for the Stellar lies adjacent to the Cobalt-Contact, due south, and adjoining; the Latchford, or Hunter, adjoining on the west; the Green-Meehan, as before said, is cornering on the south-west, while in all directions, and near-by, are many other good ones. But this contiguity is outweighed by the valuable material the Captain is bringing up from another point, or direction, not on the compass—*i.e.*, from below.

"They may have it on the surface, but it won't go down," is almost a stereotyped phrase of the camp croaker. The Stellar has gone to some trouble to make this said pessimist say that of some other mine. With a diamond drill, a depth of more than 200 feet has been reached. Here a vein was found 3 ft. and 9 inches in width, and rich in native silver. This same vein, on the surface, was but one foot in width. This shows conclusively that the values not only go down but get better as they go. Several other veins were struck by the drill, at depth, and all of them good.

The company have a steam plant at work. It consists of a twenty horse boiler, a 5 x 5 steam hoist, and a steam drill. Camps have been built, consisting of dining-room, bunk house, blacksmith shop, stables for the teams, etc.

The management is under the direction of Mr. J. F. Black, who is the President and General Manager, and as in my mention of the Nancy-Helen, he is also Managing Director and part owner

of that mine as well. He is one of the most practical and best equipped mine men in the district, having long been connected with the great Sudbury mines.

Only a few of the 1,000,000 \$1 shares were placed upon the market, and these are practically held by friends of the officers. The Stellar is an instance where "it pays to keep a good thing in the family."

The officers, besides Mr. Black, are Joseph Morin, Esq., Vice-President, and Charles McCrea, barrister, Solicitor for the company.

The bankers are the Traders Bank of Canada.

THE HIAWATHA COBALT SILVER MINING COMPANY, LIMITED

The Hiawatha, in Bucke, is a connecting link between Coleman and the mines to the north-east. It corners on to the north-east of Coleman, and again corners on the Ruby, which connects it with the Red Rock, Green-Meehan, Stellar, Hunter, North Cobalt, etc. It is known on the older maps as the Ranger property. It was discovered by R. W. Edey, a well-known mining man of Ottawa.

Much development work has been done on the Hiawatha, in the way of stripping, trenching, and a number of shafts sunk. Assays show it to be one of the promising mines of the district. Of it, G. Fillion, the late efficient Superintendent of the Cobalt-Contact Company, said: "I saw exposed several ledges of calcite and quartz, running from four to five inches in width, and the leads seem to be free from the walls, and the cobalt and silver present in smallite form. The veins are all true fissure, and any one of them may make a valuable mine."

The rock is beautifully stratified and it is thought that the ledges go down to an indefinite depth. The good ledges of the Ruby and Red Rock lead directly into the Hiawatha.

The capitalization of the company is \$1,000,000. As little as

possible of the stock was placed upon the market, since the directorate are conducting it upon a business rather than upon a stock manipulating basis.

They have good, substantial camp buildings.

The officers and directors of the company are: President, Lt.-Col. Norreys Wörthington, M.P., Sherbrooke, Que.; Vice-President, J. A. Seybold, Ottawa; Managing Director and Sec.-Treas., W. M. Ogilvie, B.Sc., Ottawa; G. M. Brabazon, M.P., Portage du Fort; Stillman F. Kneeland, State Advocate General of New York, New York City; Superintendent of Field Operation, R. W. Edey and E. R. Mohr, Mine Foreman, both of Ottawa.

THE CENTURY SILVER MINING COMPANY, LIMITED

When one has been in the Cobalt district for months, visiting from mine to mine, one can somehow tell the good claims at sight. As soon as I looked over the Century's corner lot I was convinced that the superintendent had chosen wisely when he selected it, and as I have watched the manner of his development of the work, I am more convinced that its worth will shortly be demonstrated, and that it will soon be among the great producers of the camp.

This excellent property lies in the very north-east corner of Coleman Township, with the second claim one lot removed to the west. On both of these properties are many well-defined veins—some twenty—discovered by John Bock, the former superintendent, and S. Sager. On lot No. 1, a shaft being sunk is now down over fifty feet, following a heavy calcite vein and two smaller veins, each carrying silver values. On lot No. 2 they have gone down 37 feet on an 18-inch vein, which shows silver values up to \$100 per ton. The vein matter consists of calcite and conglomerate stringers occurring in a contact of diabase and grey granite. Besides the silver there are traces of cobalt and bismuth, with some smaltite showing.

The indications at the depths now reached point unerringly to the near presence of the precious metal itself, and experienced mining men are enthusiastic as to the values evidently close at hand.

The Century lies in the great mineralized belt, in which are found the Larose, O'Brien, Nipissing, McKinley-Darragh, Buffalo, Trethewey, City of Cobalt, and many others to the south-west, while a short distance to the north-east are the Red Rock, Green-Meehan, Stellar, Cobalt-Contact, North Cobalt, etc.

Too many of the mining companies have stripped their properties bare of timber. The Century is carefully saving all the timber, of which it has abundance of the choicest in the whole camp, which must become of value as the work goes on, for buildings and fuel. It has already erected commodious houses—bunk-house, dining-room, blacksmith shop, etc.

The management of a mine has far more to do with its success or failure than is generally thought. What might have proven a good one may be managed—in starting—in such a way as to discourage a company into abandoning it, while a wise manager could have readily brought out its true worth. I have in mind an instance, not far to the south of the Century, which might be well to give, as showing what may be done. It is, moreover, most interesting, since it pertains to one of the successes of the Cobalt camp. The surface showed almost no indications of mineral. The company sunk a 50-ft. shaft on a calcite vein, drifted for a distance, but found no pay ore. A very unusual thing was then done—the shaft was sunk 25 feet deeper, and another drift run under the first along the hanging wall of the vein. At a point about 100 feet from the shaft silver was found sticking from the side of the vein. Here a shot was put in and ore of astounding richness was revealed. The vein, now two feet wide, was taken out for the distance of ten feet along the strike, to a height of ten or twelve feet above the level, and from this small space \$90,000 of silver was taken—one of the richest carloads of ore shipped from the camp. That was but a short time ago. Since then \$300,000 worth of silver has been taken out and the mine proven to be one of vast richness. This

is not a fairy story told of some far-off country; I know, personally, that it is true.

It is the management of the Century that makes me feel that the best will be brought out, and to instance it as one of the best prospects in the district. And right here I would mention a fact worth the attention of all superintendents, not only of mines, but all works where labor is employed. I have found the mines where the men were treated with the most kindness to be the ones where the work was done for the least money. That may account for the results shown at the Century, for superintendent and miners work with an interest that is really pleasing to note. The company is favored with a competent superintendent, an experienced mining man, under whose wise and economical management the progress of the work is assured. He allows no indication of hidden riches, however slight, to slip by, but by painstaking care, combined with a personal kindly interest in the well-being of the workmen, follows up all advantages gained. It is due to no accident, therefore, that one of the surprises of the work is that such good results have been accomplished at so comparatively small an outlay, and that the prospects should even at this early date be of such promise as to warrant the highest hopes of the Century Company and all concerned.

The officers of the company are all successful business men of Buffalo, N.Y. Dr. H. N. Miller, the President, is a well-known physician, and a level-headed man of large affairs. Vice-President, Mr. Charles Lantaff, a prominent merchant; Secretary, Mr. George Laws, of the Bryant & Stratton College; Treasurer, Dr. Whytock; Directors, the above named gentlemen, together with Mr. A. C. Hynd, Mr. J. W. Keeley, and Mr. Charles W. Bradley. Mine Superintendent and discoverer of the claims, Mr. S. Sager, of Buffalo.

PORTAGE BAY

To the west of Cobalt is a district called Portage Bay, from a bay that comes into Coleman from the Montreal River. While much prospecting has been done and a number of promising claims are there, no shippers have yet been discovered. Still it is almost a certain thing that with depth, good will yet result, as all indications prove the presence of mineral.

Wide Area of Silver, Gold and Copper

A friend cut out of a newspaper the map of Coleman Township and, sending it to me, commented upon the extent of the mineral district, saying, "Why, I am surprised! I had no thought that the area was so great!" That friend must have had a surprise indeed when I replied: "Coleman Township would be but a little black spot on the map of the known mineralized district of New Ontario, while the undiscovered, and yet almost certainly mineralized parts, must run into the tens of thousands square miles of area."

In this immediate district around Coleman, Lorain to the east, Bucke and Firstbrooke joining on the north, and the Temagami Reserve across the Montreal, are all full of good prospects, with a number of shipping mines in Bucke, while in Hudson, the second township to the north, the Brooks-Hudson Company have sunk a number of shafts, which prove that copper is there in vast quantities, and with further work will have large shipping mines. South of Lorain, along Lake Temiskaming, what is known as "THE UNSURVEYED," is just now attracting much attention, by reason of recent discoveries of silver that run far up into the hundreds of ounces. In the spring there will doubtless be a great rush in that direction. Other districts to the north and north-west are rich enough to warrant special notice, which I shall give in extended detail.

CASEY MOUNTAIN MINES

One of the promising districts outside of Cobalt proper is in Casey Township, not far from the upper end of Lake Temiskaming, where the White River enters the lake. Some months ago David Williamson, a California miner, was going up the White River in the little steamboat, when up about five miles, on looking to the west, noticed a high elevation of rocky land. He got off the boat and walking about a mile west of the river, he came to what is known as Casey Mountain. His long experienced eye saw at once that he had made a valuable discovery. The result was "The Casey Mountain Mines Company, Ltd.," with a capitalization of \$250,000, with the following officers: R. G. Williamson, Toronto, President; James Thompson, Havellock, Ont., First Vice-President; H. A. Wood, Peterboro, Ont., Secretary and Second Vice-President; D. A. Reid, Brandon, Man.; David Williamson, California, Superintendent.

They have nine forty-acre claims, on which they have already found ten true fissure veins from 2 to 8 feet wide, on one of which they have sunk a shaft. At 60 feet they began drifting to the west, and in the forty feet of a drift I saw three well-defined cross veins, which run from 2 to 4 feet. They have already found rich cobalt, nickel, and good assays of silver.

The plans laid out by the superintendent are to drift 100 feet, sink 100 feet, thence back and raise up to meet the main working shaft. While thus blocking out, he will always have free circulation of air. This plan will be carried along throughout all the work, the object being to get the ore by overhand stoping instead of underhand. By this plan very little dead work will have to be done throughout the whole mine.

This promises to be one of the good mines of the country.

Later.—The shaft is down 108 feet and is rich in cobalt. They have about 15,000 tons of ore blocked out, which will run \$25 to \$35 in values. Just as this goes to press word comes that a very rich vein has been struck at 110 feet—another case of "two feet further."

PENSE TOWNSHIP

SITTING in a theatre one evening, I heard two men—between the acts—talking about some rich finds they had recently made. Their conversation was more interesting than the play, and at once I was all attention. When the curtain was rung down and the orchestra had played God Save the King, with which all well-regulated theatres close in Canada, I asked of the men, "Where is the new mining district of which you were speaking?"

"In Pense Township."

"And, pray, where is Pense Township?" I asked.

"Across the lake north from Haileybury, then up the White River, through Harris, Casey, and Brethour Townships. All told, some 25 miles. It lies along the Quebec line and is the last surveyed township toward Larder Lake, from which it is distant some 20 miles south."

"How is it reached?" I asked, as I was so interested that I would visit it.

"Easy enough. Take the boat at Haileybury, get off at Pearson's Landing, and—and—"

"Well?"

"Then walk."

I did. Must tell you about that trip, as it was one of my most interesting experiences, by reason of the many agreeable settlers I met up the White River.

The little boat was the most unique affair I'd ever travelled upon. It was loaded with everything from cows to dynamite. The passengers were a cosmopolitan lot. The newspaper man from Boston; prospectors on their way to Larder Lake, via Toms Town; sawmill men on their way to mills along the river; settlers and their wives returning from shopping and business trips to Haileybury; and—and—well they were all there on

that little boat going up the White River, which has almost as many mouths as a large family. We'd start up one, find it blocked up with logs, then go up another till we'd come to a boom, and then come back and take still another, only to find it blocked by both boom and logs.

Our Little Captain and His Log-Climbing Steamboat

The captain finally said "things," rang for a full head of steam, and believe my "Geo. Washington pen," he ran right through, or over, boom, logs and all—an acre of them. "What?" The very question that Cobalt man asked when I told this to him. Yes, I *have* the photograph, but it came out too dim for a good cut, and I want nothing but the best for you. You see that captain wouldn't stop at anything, once he set his head, and rang for log climbing steam. Wish I had space for the stories those settlers told me about "Our Little Captain," as they call him. "Ours," for he was that obliging. "Why," said they, "he'd stop and run over to the bank, to take our eggs down to market, and bring us a spool o' thread next day." I saw him run jam into the bank to let a passenger on. "Why, Cap," said I, "you might have struck a rock!" "Aw, go wan! I know the bank!" Guess he must have from the many prow prods I saw along the way.

The teachers up that way are the kind I so used to love; why, they let out school on the very slightest provocation. One we saw had "let out" to come down to see our little boat come in. I tried to "take" her and the scholars, but one of the boys "moved," and it's a waste of "copper" to give you the picture of the other little chap.

Pearson's Landing

I was sorry when, along towards noon, we reached Pearson's Landing, we'd had that jolly a time coming up.

Know Jack Pearson? Didn't know but you did—everybody

seemed to know Jack, used to live in Toronto, where he left off selling things to come up here to run the hotel, store, and now a little post office of his own, just to oblige the neighbors who used to have to go down to Judge, three miles below, for their newspapers and advertisements for new seed potatoes. Great potato country, and the new variety men know it.

Thought I recognized a brother in Jack, and asked: "Are you a Mason?" "I am," said he, at which his little girl ran in to her mother, and in disgusted surprise asked: "If papa is a Mason, why has he been running all over the country hunting for one to fix that old smoky chimney?"

"Why Does Papa Sell Him Coal?"

The children's stories of this northland will rank with the best for brightness. In one of the towns "papa" sells coal. One morning "mamma" was combing the little five-year-old's hair, when getting the tangles out she pulled a bit too hard, when the little one said: "D—— it, mamma, you hurt!" "Why, 'Neta, where did you get that word?" "Bridget uses it every day when you ain't here." "Do you know where little girls go who use such words?" "No, mamma, where do they go?" "To the bad place, where the bad man burns them all up!" "Is that so! Then I wonder why in the d——l papa sells him coal!"

Was surprised to meet Toronto's Street Commissioner, Jones. "What are you doing here?" I asked. "Visiting," and there he was Mrs. Pearson's father. My eyes, the variety of people I do meet up here, building up this great country.

I Waded

That night at the theatre the men told me that to reach Pense from Pearson's Landing that I'd have to walk. They were wrong. I waded. Say, you ought to see some of the Government roads! They dig ditches on either side of a narrow strip of muskeg, and where . . . bad they lay little eight-foot poles

across and call them "corduroy roads." The "narrow strip" is made more so by the "mill races" that cut in on either side after a rain. With so much land to use, I do wonder that they make the roads so narrow. They seem to be trying to "run things on the cheap." Some of the older roads are good—where the settlers have taken to road-making themselves.

Part of this particular road was so bad that I had to "take to" the piled-up stumps along the road-side to get through at all.

I reached the Brethour Mills in time to go to bed. Apropos of these mills, I found many of the men from Hanover, the home of Tommy Burns, the world's champion heavyweight. The boys had many good stories to tell of him, and are naturally very proud of the prominence he has brought to their town. "We had a better man than he, if he had only trained. He could always best Tommy in the early days. He went into contracting and sawmilling, while Tommy took to another sort o' "mills," and has made both name and money. Geo. Reagan is the other. He is now the manager of the Brethour. That's why we're here."

\$7,500 in Eighteen Days

It was at these mills I saw the Englishman Wilson, who, later, quit work, struck it rich in a mining claim, got \$7,500, and spent them in New Liskeard in just eighteen days. He did not spend the dollars, he threw them away. He'd burn a ten dollar bill merely to prove to the gaping crowd that he had "money to burn." He would pay a cabman, who had driven him a short distance, thirty dollars. He bought watches and jewellery for the children whom he had known around the mill. He would get "insulted" if "Lorna" would offer to give him the nine dollars change of a ten bill. He would buy fine clothes for the boys—himself wearing the same old prospector's suit. "I don't need 'em. They all know I'm rich." They didn't know it long. In eighteen days he was glad to borrow a dime from those who had been given his dollars. Men of his class

are confined to no district. I found him away up at the Brethour Mills.

The Lame Guide

Next morning I got a guide and we started for Pense—three miles above the mills. Pete said, as we started out: "Now, I can't walk very fast, I'm lame." Say, did you ever try to follow a Brethour cripple? Next time I went to Pense I hired a small boy. I didn't want to have to keep up with "no cripples." I could hardly sleep that night, I was that tired—and Pete as fresh as when we started out.

But now about Pense: From Pearson's Landing to the very edge of that township, the land was so level and farmlike—not the remotest sign of rock—that I was sure I was on a "wild-goose chase," or, in this case, on a chase for "fool's gold." But when we got across the line the change was as marked as was possible to be. Where most of Harris, Casey and Brethour were ideal for farming, Pense was all rocky. I don't believe it has one clear farm. All up hill and down, with "up" predominating—ideal-looking mineral land, and heavily timbered in places, and all fairly well timbered where the rocks were not too close to the surface.

I sure would have been lost a dozen times but for Pete, who seemed to know every part of the ground. A creek—he called it a creek—Otter Creek—runs through angling, was a rushing river that day, with but a great tree bridge to cross to the north and westerly side, where much development work is going on.

As we passed along, Pete would point out the various claims. "Here is George Reegan's lot," as we came to one that looked as though a few shots would turn out the goods. "George has several good claims." Going over to where a shaft had been started, he said: "This is one of Armour Doonan's and A. Perkins' lots. An assay from this shaft showed well in copper and \$61 in gold. They being among the very first to prospect Pense, had their pick of the best—and I guess they picked them. They are farmers down in Brethour, through which we just

passed. They were struck by the formation of the rock of Pense and did much prospecting before there was any excitement. Now most of the good claims are staked. Another Brethour farmer—one of the pioneers—John Wilder, has also been busy. He has gotten hold of a number that promise well. He has one in Pense, two in Brethour, down near the mineralized part of Casey, and two good ones in Abitibi." I could not but note, when I first came to New Ontario, that many of the good mines had been discovered by farmers. "Jack" Hummel, one of the discoverers of "The Dr. Reddick," was from Brethour. From a poor man he reached wealth in one quick bound. Samuel McChessney, whose farm residence near New Liskeard is one of the "show" houses of New Ontario, found a mine in Coleman.

The Campbell-Thompson Mines

A man by the name of Campbell, of Chicago, owned a Veteran claim in Pense. Mr. J. C. Thompson, of London, and his nephew, Fred. Thompson, of New Liskeard, finding on it a great showing of mineral, got in communication with Campbell. It resulted in a company to develop it. They had not proceeded far when, from assays shown in Chicago, an offer of \$100,000 was made and refused for it, and big development works were started. Already they are sinking two shafts and have done much trenching. The Thompsons have a number of other good claims in Pense and have great faith in its becoming one of the big mining camps of the district.

The James Veteran Lot

Possibly what will prove one fully as rich as the "Campbell," lies immediately north of this claim. It is a Veteran lot; south half of No. 5, in Concession 4. It belongs to W. A. James, a Grand Trunk engineer, who bought it, as he said, as "a flyer." If indications go for anything it certainly will be a good one.

The Pioneers

When I get into a new district, I always want to record and preserve the names of its pioneers, for in writing of an old country I am glad to find the names of the early ones written down by some thoughtful recorder.

This is a new country, up along the White River—the oldest inhabitant coming to it but a few years ago. Among the very first were the families of Judge, Keys, Roberts, the Bolgers, the Gibbons, John Bucknell, who was the first to discover cobalt in these parts. His find became "The Casey Mines," to be mentioned further along; Armstrong, a few families of Jones, but no Browns, with only a few Smiths; Wilder, Bristow, the Doonans, O'Brien, Broderick, Penman, Perkins, Moore, Ellis, Gouge, Pierson, Sheedy, Littlejohns, Cannon, the Gannons, Reed, Breen, Coutts, Hummel, John Schmidt, "who digs part of his potatoes in the fall, the balance in the spring."

I later visited that country in winter. Ah, that's the season these people have their fun! Distance counts for naught, if the fiddler is to be at the end of the journey—at the home of some hospitable friend. Great sleighs, holding twenty-five or more, start out, with everybody singing: "And we won't come home till morning," and they don't! Ah yes, winter is the season, up the White River. Few old people live up there, and young folk will have their fun.

CASEY MINES

AS showing the values in Casey Township, another mine in this locality has recently been sold in London for \$1,000,000. It is the Casey Mine, discovered on the John Bucknall farm. He was the first man to discover cobalt bloom in this section. This was followed by the discovery of silver by W. S. Mitchell, one of the most enterprising young men in the whole Cobalt district. Mr. Mitchell, a representative of a great banking house of London, came to Canada two years ago, and has already become identified with some of the most valuable properties in Northern Ontario. He is one of the few who are never satisfied to follow in the track of other prospectors. He must ever lead. He and his unique band of prospectors were the first to find mineral outside the beaten track. He found gold in Playfair Township a month before Dr. Reddick made his famous discovery at Larder Lake. His Townsite Mine, in Cobalt, was the first Cobalt mine to be listed on any of the great exchanges of London, New York, etc. They were first to discover silver in Casey, and among the first to discover silver in the surveyed part of James, up the Montreal River. The story of the hardships of his band of prospectors, while up this wild river, is a most entertaining one, as may be seen further on in my own story of this young man.

He is a great organizer. It was he who organized the Elk Lake Silver Mines, Limited, with large holdings in James. Another of his enterprises is the Oposatica, and Chibogamoo Exploration Company, now exploring the mineral lands of the Province of Quebec. His Airgiod Co. has among its members some of the most prominent Scotchmen in Canada—many being members of the Dominion Parliament, Senators, and successful men of affairs.

Mr. Mitchell has other valuable properties in Coleman, not yet organized.

Being a resident of Haileybury, he is taking a most active interest in the upbuilding of this Wonder City of the North, which such as he are making to grow with marvellous rapidity, as may be seen in my chapter on "Haileybury."

Mr. Mitchell's Montreal River Finds

As above, Mr. Mitchell's party were among the first to prospect, successfully, in the surveyed part of James.

By reason of the personnel of the men composing this party, it is doubtless the most unique among prospectors of New Ontario. There were Jack Munroe, who once made matters so interesting for big Jim Jeffries; Joe Acton, champion lightweight wrestler of England; Jack Hammell, the cosmopolitan humorist, and clever writer; Tom Saville, "The White Indian," a noted guide; and Mose, "The Hungry Indian." Later the party was joined by surveyor Charles Fullerton, of New Liskeard, and Neil Sharpe.

The Diary of the Two Jacks

I was shown the diary kept by Munroe and Hammell. In it was a graphic account of their first trip up the Montreal. It tells of the hardships they endured while searching for silver claims. While Munroe gives the serious side, Hammell's sense of humor crops out in every line, making his part of the "log" a most entertaining chapter. He might be half starved and yet could laugh at poor Hungry Mose's *Oliver Twist*-like calls for "More! More!" He might be all but frozen and yet smile at Neil Sharpe's frozen ears—taking out the stings with his laughter.

It was in the dead of winter. On the last day of December, 1906, they ran out of provisions. Latchford was the nearest point at which they could replenish their store—and Latchford 55 miles away! The tossing of a penny decided who should

make the return trip. These were sent by the penny: Jack Munroe, Acton and Saville, leaving Jack Hammell to look after Mose-the-Hungry.

As soon as the return party had gone, Hammell took up the diary. He started in with a resolution to begin the year without drinking. Next day he writes: "Am still on the water waggon." Munroe said afterward: "No wonder, for we had taken what little there was left."

Jan. 1: "Been chasing six-hour-old moose tracks all day. First I lost the Indian, then lost my fool self. Somebody had side-tracked the scenery. Think I must have walked 1,000 miles before I located the camp."

Jack did a bit of snowshoeing one day. "Crust just hard enough to let you break through and enable your shoes to sneak underneath, so as when you go to lift your foot you bring a ton of crust along with it. As for going down the hills, I generally slide them. To-day I flopped and then dived them. First your feet break through, then the dive starts. I am champion acrobatic hunter. Oh, if only the 42nd Street bunch could see me now, they sure would laugh! This woods life is the only life! Great for people with strong backs and weak minds!"

A day or two later Jack laments: "No food in sight yet! If the boys don't soon come we'll have to stew up the moccasins and snowshoes. Indian says, 'Him hungry!' That Indian is always hungry! Can't blame him, though, to-night—have almost forgotten how to eat, myself. Oh for a look in at Delmonico's with the boys! This woods life is so different—No, can't blame the Indian!"

From famine to feast! Munroe and party got back the next morning, and Hammell is said to have got off the "water waggon" before nine.

Munroe takes up the diary, and tells of the hardships of the 55 miles return to Latchford for supplies. They ran out of all food but a little bannock (Indian bread), which they had to divide up between the three.

The Squirrel Chase in the Cabin

One night they stopped in an old lumber camp in which a squirrel had located. After a long chase around the big room, Jack caught it. The other boys claimed that Jack called lustily for them to "come quick and help me hold it." But the boys do say lots o' things about big, good-natured Jack. The only thing they could get to cook it in was a tobacco can they found. A little corn meal—very old—was also found, and with it and the squirrel, a tasty broth was made. For the squirrel they cast lots for the parts, and sat down to a contented feast.

"Shou Me the Mon 'Oo 'It Me With a Brick!"

At another time, when the whole party were together, they were sleeping in a lumber camp with a dozen or more lumbermen. It is the custom, in very cold weather, to sleep in their clothes—boots and all. To preface this story I must tell you that Tom Saville had a dog that had a way of crawling in among the sleepers to keep warm. He crawled in with Jack Hammell this night—as Jack thought. Jack was sure of it, for he could feel the dog's hair rubbing against his face. Now Jack did not object to the dog sleeping with him, providing he slept at the "foot," but he drew the line at "the head," and especially his head. "Get out, you beast!" said Jack, and emphasized it with his fist. Imagine his surprise at having Joe Acton jump up, with a loud yell, and as he pranced around the cabin over the sleepers, wanting to know: "Wough, hI'm 'it! 'Oo 'it me? Shou me the mon 'oo 'it me with a brick!" But everybody was asleep, and Jack Hammell was snoring loudest of all, for he respected Joe's reputation of being able to look after himself. Joe related his night's experience next morning, and was surprised that nobody should have known of it. "Didn't you 'ear me, Jack? W'y, you were right next me!"

"Never heard a sound! I sleep tight when once I start," said Jack, with the faintest sort of a smile.

The weather was bitter cold along about Jan. 13th. The diary says: "Very cold. Neil's face froze several times. We had to watch each other all the while to keep from freezing."

Many Valuable Claims Staked

With all their hardships they returned with many valuable claims staked. Some of them will turn out to be great mines, as the work already done indicate wonderful things to come.

That was but a few months ago. They were among the pioneers of many thousands of prospectors who have gone into the Montreal River country. Where was then a wilderness, is now a busy camp, with towns springing up, and before the year is out, much of the valley from Latchford to the height of land will be looked upon as an "Old Camp," so rapid follows improvement in a mining country.

I must not leave out one of Jack Hammell's best. It's one that the boys tell on him. It happened just before they returned from Latchford with the supplies. He and Mose were down to the bottom of the "barrel," and were both pretty hungry for meat. As they sat around exchanging experiences, Jack started in.

Jack Makes a Good Shot

"Oh, I didn't tell you, did I? Well, Mose hasn't spoken to me all day, just because I batted him one with a hunk of tree. It was this way: I goes for a pail of water this morning, and, coming back, I spies a big, voluptuous partridge right up in a tree, just in front of the tent, so I calls to Mose, 'Hey, Mose,' says I, soft like, 'grab something and come quick, there's a great big partridge up this tree. It's meat for us, if you're a good shot.' So Mose he grabs a stick of wood and steps out of the tent. 'Now be careful,' I tells him, 'and don't breathe heavy, and when I counts three, let loose at him.' Old Mose he sets himself. You'd have thought he was gettin' ready to fight a grizzly by the look on his face. But somehow things didn't go

just right. Old Mose he couldn't hold himself, for when I got to the 'Two' count, it was all off. Mose couldn't wait any longer. He just had to take a swash at him, and me, Mr. Simp, not wanting to be out of it, took a clout at him on the fly. Missed him, of course—that is, the bird, but not the shot. No, Mose he grabbed it right below the belt. Well, you should have seen that Indian's face—the hurt look he threw at me! He immediately sat down and commenced hugging himself with both hands. He wouldn't even notice me. In fact, it was some little time until I could get Mose to sit up and take notice to anything. Finally he stopped loving himself, got up and sauntered away, muttering something about some people being—poor shots, which was an injustice to me, for if ever a man made a pretty shot it was me, with that hunk of tree. It just goes to show, though, how dense some Indians are. They never seem to look at things in a broad-minded light. Sometimes I think that Mose's mind must be bad, otherwise he wouldn't mind a little thing like that."

Later.—Poor Mose is dead—died late in the fall—shortly after my trip up the Montreal, of which I shall tell you further on. I met Mose at Elk Lake City. I had thought him the typical, high cheek bone, tall, blanketed and—well, the picture-book Indian. He was so different that I could scarce believe that the well-dressed boy I saw at Elk Lake City was the same as he of whom I had heard so much—Poor "Hungry Mose!" Hungry no longer.

Coomstock Lode to be Surpassed by Cobalt

But to return to Mr. Mitchell. He has made a deep study of the situation in the Cobalt Camp. "Look at that," said he, during one of my interviews with him. "That," was the United States Mineral Report. The particular part to which he called my attention was the world-famous Comstock Lode of Nevada. "Now see," said he, "up to 1900 there was taken out \$203,636,-062.84 of silver. It took 40 years to take this out, and they had to go down 3,300 feet to get it. The greatest year was 1874—



UNIV.
OF
MICH.

Montreal River, at Elk City. See page 67

Scene on Bear Creek, near Elk City

Photo by Bogart & Stokes, Cobalt



The White River, below Pearson's
Landing. See page 53



Sutton Bay and Creek. Landing near the Imperial
Mines. See page 66

the fifteenth from its start in 1859—when the production was \$21,780,922.02. Now follow. This will be equalled, in 1909, by the Cobalt district, the fourth year after machinery was installed." I could scarcely realize this, but when he showed what is being taken out from the mines now shipping, and with such mines as the Cobalt Lake, Nancy-Helen, North Cobalt, and a dozen others, now almost ready to start in as big shippers, I had to admit the correctness of his prediction. Only to-day, I visited a mine, and watched the men bagging ore at the rate of a carload every twenty-four hours. Marvellous! And again, wonderful, this story of Cobalt and its fabulous wealth of silver.

Later.—They struck a rich vein in the Casey, just as this goes to press, that runs 5,300 ounces of silver.

THE IMPERIAL LARDER LAKE AMALGAMATED MINES

This Company, with head office in New Liskeard, Ont., whose low capitalization and large holdings of 43 well-selected claims, in the rich parts of the Larder Lake district, and in the townships of Boston, Catherine, and Harris, must become one of the successful mining enterprises of the country.

It has had assays of \$1,354 in gold, with good showings of copper and silver, in their township claims. Its capitalization is but \$250,000, with shares at par \$1. Only enough of which will be sold to develop the properties, and not run as a stock-jobbing enterprise. The high standing of its officers and directors is a guaranty of honest management.

I have not seen their other holdings, but I have visited their mine in Harris Township, and from it judge the carefulness of the company. These are in the joining concessions to the Casey Mines, recently sold in London for \$1,000,000, and the \$5 par shares of which have already reached above \$7. The formation of the rock is exactly the same as the Casey, and is growing richer as they go down.

The officers and directors are all successful business men of New Liskeard, and have gone into the matter as an honest business enterprise: President, George Weaver, Real Estate Agent and Mining Broker, and Vice-President of the Temiskaming Telephone Co., Ltd.; Vice-President, R. G. Zahalan, hotel proprietor; Secretary-Treasurer, G. W. Weaver. Directors: Frank Loudin Smiley, Barrister; Henri Loudin, Business Manager; J. H. O'Brien, Contractor; W. J. Yates, Merchant; and W. E. Kerr, Government Inspector of Roads.

Solicitors: Hartman and Smiley. Bankers: Imperial Bank of Canada.

ELK CITY—THE NEW COBALT

THE district around the new town that has sprung into existence within the past year, on the banks of the Montreal River, or, by reason of the widening, Elk Lake, in the Township of James, is well called The New Cobalt, by reason of the wonderful richness of its mineral found wherever real work has been done in search of it. Some of the claims show native silver upon the very surface, and most of them that have been well prospected are proving the right of the district to the name.

It is so recent, that a residence of less than one year makes a man a pioneer. But recent as is the district, there is hardly a lot that has not been staked, and on which work has not been done.

A New York doctor, while hunting for big game in the summer of 1906, discovered native silver, just east of James, in Tudhope. His find is turning out very rich. This discovery set the eyes of many toward the country, and yet but little was done until in the late fall and winter, when a small army marched up the river. It was even more difficult to get there than after a steamboat line had been started, although, as the boys say, it was almost as fast, but then the boys are given to say a whole lot besides their beads.

Elk City is 53 miles from Latchford, and 25 miles from Earleton, on the T. and N. O. Railway. Being destined to become an important point, many roads are aiming toward it—waggon roads, later to be followed by one or more railroads, since it is on the line into rich mineral fields beyond. It must become the great distributing point for a wide country up and down the river. Owing to the width of the Montreal, which, at Elk

City, narrows down to 352 feet, this is the only place for miles where a bridge can be thrown across. It is on a Veteran lot of 160 acres, owned and laid out by W. F. Greene, A. Klinginsmith and J. E. Cook. The site is ideal, and has been laid out to the very best advantage. The lot being in the centre of the mineralized belt that crosses James, the north part is soon to become an active mining camp, as all indications show that these lucky young men can do a big mining business "right in town"—an industry to start on, almost before the town hall is up.

Already a number of substantial buildings have been erected, and many more planned for the spring, which promises to be a busy one. All of the claims held by men or companies of means, will begin work as soon as the snow is off, and a large number before that time. I have seldom found so enthusiastic a district. "We've got the goods and we're goin' to show 'em what's in James," say the enthusiasts. From what I saw, as I visited among the various camps, this will not be hard to do. In fact, some of them have already proved what is there.

The Mitchell, the Munroe, Saville, Hammell and Hackett Claims

Elsewhere I have spoken of the properties held by W. S. Mitchell and his unique company of prospectors. They have claims in many parts, in fact, in almost every district from Coleman to Abitibi, to the north, and along the way from Latchford to Smythe, to the west. Here their claims are among the best. On the "Munroe lot," a short distance easterly from Elk Lake City, I saw a vein that was opened up for 500 feet, and so straight that one might have killed a line of birds sitting along its edge, if the bullet would carry. This is one of the remarkable things noted in this whole district—the straightness of the veins. On this claim native silver has been discovered.

THE MOOSE HORN MINE

To the northeast, a short mile, I visited the Moose Horn Mines. Locally they are better known as "The Gifford Mines," from Charles Gifford, one of the best known men in this, as well as in the Cobalt district, where he was long connected, as manager, with the Victoria Mines.

The story of his coming to James is an interesting one. Sitting in the Victoria Mines office with the late Colonel Charles Turner, one day, the Colonel said: "Charlie, I've got some of the best claims in the whole of James Township, up the Montreal River. I know, for I have prospected them carefully." Without ever seeing them Gifford bought them then and there—bought them under six feet of snow. He had known the Colonel so long, that when he said: "I know they are good," he believed it, and took them at the price offered. He believed that they were good, but little did he dream *how* good they were—little did he think to find native silver showing on the very surface, and with well-defined veins showing all over the property.

Early in July he came up with his two partners, his brother George and James Garvin, and set to work at once erecting a commodious camp, and putting a large force of men to stripping and sinking shafts. I was there in October. I could scarce believe that in so short a time so much work could have been done. But when I watched the admirable system under which the work was being prosecuted, I then saw how it had been accomplished—men and managers working together with one object in view, the bringing of the mine up to a high standard, and that they are doing.

With 217 acres to develop, they thought to best forward the enterprise by putting it in a company—hence the Moose Horn Mining Company, with Dr. A. H. Perfect, President; Dr. Henry Beatty, Vice-President; J. H. Charles, Secretary-Treasurer; and Directors: Alfred Gillies and L. L. Anthus; Charles Gifford is General Manager.

Mr. Gifford has had a wide experience. Born in New York

City, he has been in all the mining countries of the west, from Mexico to Alaska, and looks upon this as one of the greatest camps in all the wide range, and with a future which no man dare predict.

THE MINERAL BELT

While the mineralized belt of the Montreal River country is not yet fully known, its best showing has been found to centre in James Township. Beginning in about the first mile in Tudhope (joining James on the east), and in the third concession, it runs a little northwesterly, taking in a part of Smythe (to the north), and passes on beyond James into the Unsurveyed, to the west of James. Little has been found in the southerly part, and yet it is claimed that with depth, mineral must here be discovered. It is too early to even attempt to define the areas of silver lands, since so many new places are showing value that even the "barren" rocks of a few months ago are now promising great things. Beginning in Coleman, and on both sides of the river, in the Portage Bay district, a number of good finds have been made. After this section has been passed, we find little until the Maple, or Skull Mountain country, has been reached, and even here only a few of the claims have been proved of value. One company of prospectors staked over 3,000 acres, and had all of the claims thrown out but about ten. And yet in this Skull Mountain district are some great things. For one of these an offer of \$300,000 has been refused, while the Mitchell and other holdings are said to be most promising. To the north-west of James, around Hubert, Bloom, and Calcite Lakes, some good finds have been made, while the richness of the Silver Lake properties, in the Unsurveyed, just west of James, places them among the very best in the district.

JAMES TOWNSHIP SILVER MINES COMPANY

It may be owing to the greater amount of prospecting done in James that makes the name of "The New Cobalt" seem so fitting. It is without a doubt a safe proposition, almost any part in and north of the third concession, and, as above, even the lower part may yet prove good on proper development. Directly west of Elk City two miles, the James Township Silver Mines Company has two claims upon which much development work has been done, and which assay high in silver, chalcopryrites, peacock, copper or bornite, and aplite, carrying silver, not to mention good showings of cobalt bloom, galena and smalltite. Sixteen well-defined veins have been uncovered and as work goes on, new ones must be found since these lots lie in the best portion of the township, west of the river.

The officers of the Company are: President, A. Klingin-smith; Vice-President, J. J. Anderson; and W. F. Greene, Secretary-Treasurer and Managing Director. Directors: B. N. Law and Edward Gillis. The main office of the Company is in the Temple Building, Toronto.

Here is one of the good stories of the camp. It is of a nearby claim.

Inspector Irwin Makes a Great Find

A prospector had gone up into James, and after he had come real close to his last dollar, without finding anything, he was about to give up, when Inspector Roland Irwin happening along, one day, when the prospector was away, and picking around the mouth of the shaft, ran on to a vein that set the whole camp wild with delight, and went far to bringing the army of other prospectors into James.

A. H. McDonald

Immediately south of and joining the James Township Silver Mines Company's lots are two of the properties of A. H. Mc-

Donald, who is finding so many good things "Up the Montreal." These properties are not only in the best part of the camp, but like the lots above mentioned, assay well in silver, galena and copper. Just west, and adjoining, is possibly the best claim in the district (the one Irwin found), by reason of the big find of silver, made in the early days of the camp. The story of this find is one of the stories they like to tell you up there.

Besides these two claims Mr. McDonald has a number of lots in the Unsurveyed, about Silver Lake.

The foregoing are but instances of what is being opened up in the great mineral section of the Montreal River. One can hardly imagine what is in store for that country, since the comparatively little work already done has shown it to be so wonderfully promising.

THE MONTREAL A RIVER OF GREAT BEAUTY

A year ago so little was known of the Montreal River, that one never heard it mentioned other than a way to reach the silver lands along its banks. "Up the Montreal," meant nothing of beauty, while I have rarely passed along so charming a stream.

I chose for my trip the month of October, the loveliest of all the year. The early frost had yellowed the leaves of the annual shedding trees into a thousand shades of colorings, and these, interspersed among the spruce, the balsam and the pines, formed giant bouquets whose changing beauty was ever and anon remarked by my fellow-passengers—the practical miners and prospectors on their way to their various camps along the river. A clinging snow had fallen the night before, and hung in delicate whiteness upon the trees, festooning the branches of green, turning them into a painting more beautiful than the brush of man had ever attempted. The great red sun changed to golden, and as we crept along in the little steamer, in snail-like speed, it melted the white into green again, turning backward the dial of the seasons.

I could not but think what this river will be when it may be

traversed by swift-moving steamers. As it was, even the slow-moving freight boat was endurable with so much of charm all about.

A Unique Race

Did you ever note the inborn propensity to race in all of us? I have, and that day recalled many of the stories told of the old racing days along the Mississippi. We had hardly gotten fairly started from Latchford, when, on looking back, we saw a small craft leaving the dock. It wasn't the black raking craft of the piratical type, but a light grey, built for swift movement. We could ever keep in the lead, save when we would near a portage. It was at such times that the little craft crept to the fore, and by the time we had made the portage, and had taken another steamer, the little grey had left us to catch up, which we would ever do if the run was long enough between portages (of which there were three in the 53 miles). Each time as we would creep along, the excitement would become intense. "We're gaining. We'll catch her yet. See, see, she's scarce a half-mile ahead!" "Pile in the wood, engineer!" "Cap, think we'll beat out?" These and many other questions and exclamations enlivened the way all along to Elk City. Oh, it was great—that race! Did we beat? you ask. Oh, yes; beat by a full quarter of an hour. But with reason: One of the men broke his paddle, and thus handicapped, the little Fredericton canvas canoe lost the race to our swift-moving (?) steamer. Oh yes, an exciting race, that one up the Montreal, that bright October day against the little "canvas."

The Drownings in the Montreal

While passing through Mountain Lake—a widening of the Montreal—one of the passengers told of the drowning of a prospector while coming down from James Township. From this the subject of too many unnecessary drownings in the North country came up, which leads me to write the following:

Scarcely a week but I hear of one or more deaths by drowning—often careless drowning. Men start out in a canoe who

know nothing about handling it. They may have a smooth water knowledge of a canoe or boat, but when they go upon the rough lakes or foolishly attempt to run a rapid in these wild rivers, they might well be called "At Sea"—and literally at sea, so far as safety goes.

There is so much danger to the prospector that I have given no little attention to the subject of canoeing upon the lakes and rivers of this country. Too many think that all they need select is a thing that is propelled by paddles, and that's a canoe. I thought that myself until, upon much inquiry, I found that some canoes are far safer than others, and I thereupon began to find what one was the safest of all. I asked of the returned prospectors from Larder Lake, Lake Abitibi, the Montreal River, and from all parts, wherever canoes were used. Now, while an occasional man had his favorite, and by long experience had become an expert in its use, I found the general opinion was that for safety, strength, ease of handling, and all round excellence, the very best in this country is one made at Fredericton, N.B., by Chestnut and Son. More people know it as the "Canvas" canoe, from its being canvas covered. Its advocates were so enthusiastic that at first I thought they must have an interest in the company. But as the number grew, I knew that it must be the canoe and its excellence itself that accounted for the general praise accorded it. Were it a waggon, a buggy, a carriage or a car, to run on dry land, I'd hesitate to give space to any particular make. But it is something so much more important—vitally important—that I should be doing the intending green prospectors a wrong, did I not tell them all I can that will tend to their good—tend to their safety, and nothing that I can think of is of so much importance as to how best prepare for a trip over the lakes and wild rivers through which they must pass in their search for the silver and gold that brings them to this northern country.

What the Late Edward Hanlan Said

When the late "Ned" Hanlan, the long time champion of the rowing world, was in Haileybury at the recent great regatta, I had the pleasure of a long interview with him. He was a most entertaining character, having the pleasing ability of telling the things that have interested him in his many trips around the world.

Having in mind the many cases of drowning that have come to my notice (one occurred near by, during his visit. It was one of the foolish drownings. Three men and a dog tried to go over the lake with a heavy loaded canoe. The lake was very rough, and their canoe upset. Two were picked up by a passing steamer, but the third lies at the bottom of a deep channel while I yet write of it). I asked him how best to act when a boat or canoe upsets. "Never try to get upon the bottom of the upturned canoe by going to the middle. Always go to the end, bear it down and climb on as you would get upon a horse's back. If more than one, then 'ride it double.' It will thus hold till help comes. It's all but impossible to climb upon the bottom by going to the middle of the canoe."

If this page save but a single life, then I am ten thousand times repaid, and Chestnut and Son are welcome to all I have said of their Canvas, for I feel that they have merited the words.

One day, shortly after I had written the above, I chanced to meet H. B. Munroe, all around mining man, who has probably had as much canoe experience in this upper country as any other in it. He is a warm advocate of the "Canvas," strongly urging its adoption by the novice. He thinks it the best canoe made. "It is next to impossible to swamp it," says he, "and I've had experience in every dangerous lake up here. I've seen so many drownings, by reason of poorly constructed canoes, that I would, if I could, have a law passed prohibiting their use, and make the use of some such canoe as you have recommended, compulsory. This would save many a life. Yes, I look upon Chestnut's Canvas as the best to be had."

"Pioneers of the Montreal"

I found so much of interest "up the Montreal," that I have nearly ready a little book with the above title. It will contain a careful paper on the minerals of the district, written specially for the work by the best informed mining engineer on that country—Mr. W. E. MacCready, of Haileybury, who has made a long and careful study of the mineral resources of the river.

The booklet, aside from this, will be very light—just little things to recall to the minds of the boys the days and nights they spent "Fighting Flies in James." Apropos of the style of its lightness and the flies themselves, I shall herewith give a few lines:

The Kinnedys were there in fource among the pioneers,
 The sthouries tould me 'bout the flies quite druv me into tears.
 They tould me 'bout the black wans, about the sandflies too,
 And the billions ov muskatos that ate ahl night ov you.
 The pesky craters nare wud take their luttie boite in turns,
 But pumped the pizen into ye a-filling ye up wid burns.
 And whin the rosy sun got up, and ye whiffed the arly dawn,
 Ye'd hope an' pray, wid ahl yer stringth, ye'd foind the divils gan.
 Yer hopes an' prayers wus answered, nat a-wan o' thim wus buzzin',
 But ivry wan hed bruthers, an' aich o' thim a cuzzin.
 Af the nite wans ye thought wickid, the day wans they wus wurse,
 Yer moind floys back to Agipt—to Agipt and its curse.
 I'm sure the good Recorder wull grant ye lisenced claims,
 And niver count the things ye sed whoile foighten' flies in James.

Each of the pioneers will get his one or more lines. There will be a carefully drawn map with a key, showing the holders of the various mining lots in and about James. A few full-page half-tones of river scenes will brighten the booklet. Then Leo's "I've got something good in James" will make you sit up and take notice. In short, it will be one of those trifle books, interesting only because you knew it all before.

McDOUGALL CHUTES

McDOUGALL CHUTES is on the T. and N. O. Railway, 204 miles north of North Bay. It is one of the coming mining centres, with some of the mines of great promise.

It takes its name from an Indian family—descendants of an early Scotch Hudson Bay factor. It lies along the west side of Black River, and to the east of the railway. There is a very pretty fall just across a little bay-like formation of the river, from the town. McDougall Chutes might be said to have started in 1906. But little was done, however, until this year (1907), although George Johnson, Walter Monahan, the Transcontinental Railway, John McChessney and some others, had built here as early as 1905.

The town is building up without as yet having been laid out into streets.

The Colonel and the Orderly Town

I was surprised to find McDougall Chutes one of the most orderly places on the whole line from North Bay to "the end of steel," which "end" is five miles north of McDougall. Of course I asked the why, only to be told: "Say, I guess you haven't yet met de Colonel!" "What Colonel?" "Why, *The* Colonel—Colonel James McCully, the provincial constable of this district. To him much is due the order you remark." I later met the genial Colonel, and at once saw the reason of the statement. "I can keep 'em all straight but the 'Bishop'. But then *he'd* get full on Black River water," said the Colonel with a twinkle.

His district covers all the country north of Englehardt, and for 20 miles on either side of the railway—certainly a big area for one man to keep clear of that wily animal known in New Ontario as the "Blind Pig." But they all say that the Colonel is "the one man" who can do it.

Rivers of the North

One of the surprises of this country is its great river system. I have never seen one so well watered with brooks and lakes everywhere. A brook which one might step across turns into a navigable river in a remarkably short distance. The Black River, for instance, heads at the Height of Land, and twenty or thirty miles away, at McDougall Chutes, we find a steamer carrying freight down to where it joins the Abitibi River—fourteen miles below. The Abitibi Lake is emptied by a river of the same name which flows westerly from the lake for 25 miles, thence northerly for nearly 200 miles, where it empties into the Moose River, to flow on to James Bay some 40 miles to the north-east. All the way along are fine lakes and rivers unnamed and unmarked. It is well said that nobody knows what is in this country of marvellous things. Development is so rapidly going forward that the untrodden wilderness of January is a cultivated field before the summer has passed, and towns have sprung up and great business is done where so recently the moose and his wilder fellows were supreme!

Romance of Gold Island

When the mineral history of New Ontario shall have been written, one of its most interesting chapters will be "The Find of the Two Swedes"—"Swedes" as all reports to now have called them. As usual, the first writers of things get matters mixed. Victor Mattson and Harry Bannala are Finns, whose story, briefly told, is this: They came from Finland to Port Arthur, Canada, in 1896; prospected in the Sudbury district for years, making but one good find in all the time; came to Cobalt this spring, and worked in the mines for seven weeks; left for Abitibi, first carefully examining a map of the upper country. In looking over the map they noticed a large lake almost directly west of McDougall Chutes, some 25 miles. Up to that time it was practically unknown, although it covered and touched a half dozen townships. To this lake the Finns went (instead of to

Abitibi), because it was unknown. They first prospected the shores, and not finding any value they began to look among the many islands (it is said that there are fifty of them) for they knew not what, but anything that might be hidden away among the rocks. They finally reached one which proved so rich in gold that they at once named it Gold Island. Staking five claims upon the island and the nearest shore, they started for McDougall Chutes, with only the map to guide them. Here meeting Silas Gibson and Alex Stirling, of the firm of Gibson and Stirling, postmasters and general storekeepers, and telling of their rich find, so interested these two enterprising young merchants, that it was proposed that they return to Night Hawk Lake with Gibson. The proposition was accepted. When Silas reached the island and saw what the Finns had to show him, all the Aladdin stories of old flashed into his mind, making him believe that it was all a dream. But when, after two days spent in uncovering a 75-foot dyke, and picking samples of pure gold nuggets, he had to believe as true what lay before him. He returned to McDougall Chutes, laid the facts before some capitalists, and now 15 men are at work, and as soon as the waterways are frozen, machinery will be taken in and installed, and a large force of miners set to sinking shafts and drifting.

When I first heard of this discovery I set it down as one of the many fairy tales one must listen to in a mining camp. But seeing the samples, and talking with the workmen, who are most enthusiastic as they go down in rich pay rock, I found it very easy to accept as fact the stories told of it. That vast wealth awaits the fortunate Finns, and those who are interested with them, is proven by the assays of thousands of dollars per ton, that have been made from the samples taken from "The Island of Gold."

Silas Gibson is of the well-known Gibsons of the Gatineau Valley. He and Mr. Stirling came to McDougall Chutes in May last. Besides this fortunate strike, they are interested in a number of other mining claims, which once they counted as good, but seem now but insignificant holdings. It may well be

said: The finds of to-day often dwarf the great things of yesterday. Good fortune does not always pass, un-noting, those meriting the choicest favors. This is an instance which you will agree if ever you meet these two young merchants of McDougall Chutes.

John McChessney

John McChessney is another whose mining claims around McDougall Chutes are worthy of special note.

Mr. McChessney was one of the first to go to this thriving village. He was long connected with The Veterans Locating Association of Toronto. He has doubtless selected more Veteran lots than any other in this north country. It was in August of 1903 when he came up from "the end of steel," which was then at about where is now Englehardt. Later he built the first frame building, and ran the store now owned by Gibson and Stirling. He also built the log house used for a time as a hospital, now owned by Walter Monahan.

When the Transcontinental Railway was preparing to build the section in the Abitibi Lake country, a tote or cadge road had to be cut through from New Liskeard to the lake—150 miles. Mr. McChessney was the one who cut it through. He had been over the line before, going by canoe with goods for the Indians. From New Liskeard to Abitibi there are 90 portages of from 200 feet to one-half mile each.

The Indians Had Never Seen Horses Before

Mr. McChessney was the first to take horses through to Abitibi. He tells of the excitement among the Indians when they saw these curious animals for the first time.

His knowledge of the country, gained while going through-out the townships looking for land for the Veterans, stood him in good 'stead when mineral was discovered. He knew where to go. He had seen the formations that meant gold, silver or copper, and knowing this began prospecting in what he thought to be the best localities. That his judgment was good is proven by the claims he selected.

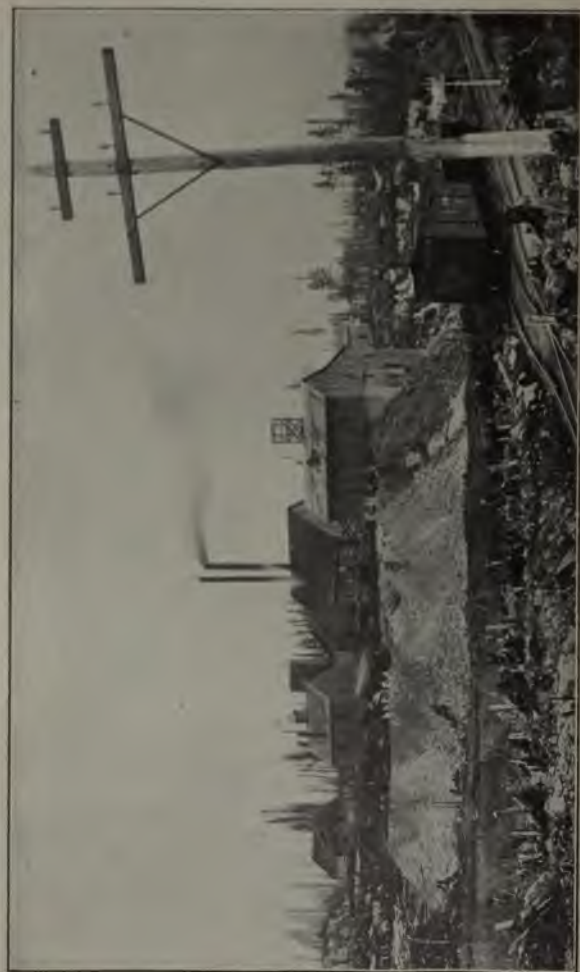


Duncan McMartin
E. L. Timmons

John McMartin, President

N. G. Timmons
D. A. Dunlop

Owners and Developers of the La Rose Mine. See pages 83-89



La Rose Mine from the North See pages 83-89
Photo by Bogart & Stokes, Cobalt

Munro Township

Mr. McChessney went into Munro Township ten or twelve miles to the east of McDougall, where Burwash and Barnet have since made their great discovery. Here he and his partner, Isaac Jenkins, took up six choice claims. It was not like the "tenderfoot" going about putting in stakes with no knowledge of the formation of the rocks, for Jenkins had spent years in South Africa's mines and in the mines of British Columbia, from which he came on hearing of the great wealth of this country.

Besides the six claims in Munroe, Mr. McChessney has a half interest in a working mine right in McDougall Chutes, which promises big results. In the unsurveyed country, at the Height of Land, he has three claims, which show gold, silver and copper. An assay from one of these, taken at 12 feet, gave 34 per cent. copper, 250 in gold, and 3 ozs. of silver. The one in the village assayed \$9.60 in gold, 3 ozs. silver and 12 per cent. zinc blend.

In Abitibi Lake he owns the mining rights of 15 islands and 7 claims on the main land.

His good fortune will please many an old Veteran who has profited by his judgment.

Walter Monahan

It was Walter Monahan, one of McDougall's early citizens, who first found gold in Munroe, where he has located some of the choice claims, assays from which show the wisdom of his selection. He has, in all, eleven claims, from which he has taken ordinary samples that run from \$16 to \$50 per ton, while some run high enough to satisfy even a Law.

Mr. Monahan came to McDougall's from Huntsville, in the Muskoka Lakes country, in June of 1905, and has done and is doing his part to build up this enterprising town, whose future promises much, owing to its admirable situation.

Mr. Monahan has charge of a land company in this locality, and is doing much toward locating settlers.

THE LAROSE MINES

“**Y**OU’VE been looking for it all the way through? Been looking for the Larose?” I knew it, all the time. It’s just a way I have of saving some of the good things for the last. Say, if you could but see this great mine, with its millions of wealth in sight, you would sure wonder how I could have kept back the telling so long. Why bless you, this very thing is indicative of the camp itself. It started out well, so did I, with the Hudson Bay. I shall end well, so far as the thing I’m telling goes, and as to Cobalt, it is proving its richness to be so far beyond expectation, that it hardly seems the same camp. The thousands in the expectation of 1903 have long since grown into millions of realization. In the case of the Larose, in these early days, of 1908, millions of value are blocked out, and to be mined at leisure. In 1903, where was but little reason for hope of more than ordinary gain, is now the riches of a Cræsus. This, too, after thousands of tons of ore have been shipped—more than from any other mine in the district, one car returning \$126,000, and during 1907 nearly 100 carloads were sent out.

If Cobalt had but one mine, and that the Larose, it would still be reckoned among the rich silver camps of Canada. For this reason its history is so much a part of the country that to write of it in less than a whole volume to itself, is a real task.

To the casual relater, the Larose was the first mine discovered. J. H. McKinley and Ernest Darragh had found mineral a month before, but, as I have said, they kept it so quiet that it was not known at the time. Fred. Larose found it in September of 1903.

It was on September 29th that “Fred. Rose” signed the application for the discovery made by him on September 15th,

1903. His application stated that he had found mineral at Station 113 on the T. and N.O. Railway, about 1,300 feet north of Cobalt Lake (then Long Lake). His discovery was copper. This application was sworn to before H. McQuarrie, a notary of Haileybury. It was signed by "Fred. Rose" and Duncan McMartin, who staked the claim, and together staked a number of other claims—rumor says that they were first to discover what afterward became the great Nipissing mines.

John and Duncan McMartin, two brothers from Glengarry, were contracting on that part of the T. and N.O. Railway which passes Cobalt. Larose, from Hull, P.Q., was their blacksmith. All the way along from Mud Lake had the brothers encountered rock—vast cuts of rock—and yet no mineral was noticed until they had passed where now stands the station at Cobalt—about a half mile north.

Incidentally, there are no more popular mine owners in the camp than these Two Men from Glengarry. Great riches often make of good men veritable cads, and you are tempted to regret that they have been smiled upon by Fortune. In these two brothers we find the sort one does so like to stop long enough to commend Fortune for her selection—the elder known as "The King of Cobalt," and Duncan, the younger, doubtless the next M.P. for Glengarry.

Some one has suggested that John might follow his name with a K.C. (King o' Cobalt); and still another, that plain "Mr." preceding it would be more distinctive, since the late deluge of K.Cs.

They took in three partners from Mattawa, Ont.—Henry and Noah Timmons, and D. A. Dunlop. Buying out Fred. Larose, they formed a close corporation, with the capital placed at \$5,000,000—an instance of a seemingly high capitalization proving very low in comparison to actual values.

No "Strictures," Just a Few Facts

I have been told that I shall not be allowed to "pass strictures" on the Government. I shall not do so. Wouldn't do



it for the world and an interest in the Gillies Limit. Oh, no, I shall not pass one. Neither shall I pass a Fact if I see it along the way. Too many Facts are passed unnoted for the good of this great upper half of a great Province.

Fact No. 1. The application made for the 40 acres of the Larose property was dated—as above—on September 29th, 1903. The company went to work on the development of the mine, and were not long uncovering a fabulously rich vein. This vein ran across the railway. It was in plain view, and so remained for over two years. During all that time nobody ever intimated that it was not a part of the Larose. All at once the Government, seeing so much wealth lying along their road, said: "Now we own the surface right-of-way, guess we better take the mineral down below," and they took it, and sold it to J. P. Dickson for \$50,000, and J. P. paid for it in the first two cars shipped. The Government had not—up to that time—made any reservation. But a little thing like a "reservation" never seems to faze them if they want to "reserve" as an afterthought. Like John Sherman—or was it Horace Greeley?—who said: "The way to Resume is to Resume." Here "The way to Reserve is to Reserve," no matter when the "Reservation."

Fact No. 2. The Larose Company made a number of discoveries on lands to the east of their mine. These were honest discoveries. Applying for the lands they were refused. Suit was brought to compel the Government to grant the application. It was suggested that they employ a certain Toronto lawyer to conduct the case for them. He was employed. The case was set for trial; witnesses were brought from a distance at great expense to the company. The case was postponed. It was set for another date, and witnesses were again called. Again it was postponed. It was set for trial for the third time, and the witnesses called to attend. Another postponement. By this time the expenses had run up to \$50,000. You are now asking: "Was it wisdom for the Government to incur so great expense?" Why, bless you, what need they care so long as somebody else paid it? No matter if the payers were some of their own citi-

zens! Citizens! Why, in New Ontario, rank foreigners are shown more consideration. That's not a "Stricture"—just a little Fact!

"Was the case set for the fourth trial?" I knew you'd ask that. Oh, no. There was an easier way. The Government just stopped bothering about trials, and handed the property—covering some 200 acres—over to the O'Briens (I'm saying nothing against the O'Briens). And there you are. Yes, without trial, settled a case that involved millions of value.

Oh, it's easy if you know how! And they do know how, up here. "Is that all? Did it close at that?" Say, you must hear the rest of the story. As I told you, they do know how to "Reserve." In this instance, the Government just reserved a one-fourth interest in all that great property, and are to-day getting one-fourth of all the ore mined upon it. "What right had they to it, other than of that of any other mine about which there is a question?" Now, see here, you will have to ask a wiser than I, or any one else in New Ontario. I don't pretend to know—neither does anybody else in the camp.

There Would Have Been No Cobalt

Here is another fact which is not generally known, even in the district, or if known, not fully appreciated. *But for this great company, there would have been no Cobalt*, so far as the wide public is concerned. It would have been another Sudbury, or another Yukon, with a few of our Americans owning the whole. Didn't know that, did you? Am I telling secrets? Then I am simply writing "The Real," as I promised to do at the outset. Did the Government know this? Did it know that the very men who had "done" our country were here after Canadian industries? Ask your men who represent the greatest Octopus in the world. They can tell you—*but will they?* "Not loyal to my own country, to speak thus?" Wrong again. I am loyal to my own. So loyal, in fact, and so appreciative of its interests, that I would decry the men who have so long enriched themselves at my country's expense, and will decry the men who are help-

ing them grow rich at yours. These men from my country have been helped to get what you could not. Now, who is the loyal one—I or he, or they, who would favor another country rather than benefit the masses of their own?

Enough of this for the present—the rest I shall reserve for another time—another time when I shall have more space to devote to the subject.

Fred. Larose Well Treated

Before I came to Cobalt, I had heard so much about how the Larose Company had wronged Fred. Larose, that I thought so ill of them that I had purposed to pass unnoted even so great a mine. But when I looked into the early history of the camp, and learned the uncertainty of things when the purchase of Larose's interest was made, I saw it in a very different light. This interest was purchased at a time when nobody knew if the whole camp would be worth the \$30,000 paid the blacksmith. We hear very little about the thousands of dollars that have since been paid for claims which have proved of no value. Nobody thinks to berate the men who have paid \$50,000—aye, an hundred thousand dollars for simple prospects that have been a total loss to all but the lucky sellers of the worthless lands. When that purchase was made, the shaft on the discovery was down but a very few feet, and scarcely no value showing. When the \$50,000 or \$100,000 were paid, the camp had proven its value. The Larose Company risked what to them was then a fortune—a fortune on a bare possibility. It turned out well, and it has been the pleasure of many to say ill of the fortunate purchasers. Too many would rather say of a fellow-man: "We're sorry for the poor devil!" than: "We're delighted at his great success." We can ever know the mental calibre of a man by the size of his bump of envy.

I have carefully investigated the manner of this company's later purchases. They bought the controlling interest in the University, paying a fair price for the stock; when the holders of the Lawson vein were at their wits' end to know how to retain


their rich claim against the men who would have taken it from them, it was John McMartin, the President of the Larose, who came to their rescue and made them men of wealth; and so on down through their purchases of the Princess mine, the Fisher and Epplott, the Silver Hill, the Cochrane and the old E. V. Wright mine, over in Quebec. Whilst others had acquired hundreds of acres of enormously valuable holdings for a bare \$1 per acre, these men paid thousands for their properties. And just here, and incidentally, I must remark a notable fact. Men, in the early days of Cobalt, made a few thousand dollars by being very shrewd. Some of them were exceeding shrewd, but they devoted so much time to trying to take from honest holders, honest holdings, that they let their own properties slip away for the few paltry thousands, whilst the very men whose lands they would have taken, on simple technicalities, are now, in instances, worth millions. It is the best illustration I have ever seen, where it pays to be square.

The Riches of the Larose—A Second Comstock Lode

To speak of the enormous riches of the Larose Mine is like telling you that a busy mint has vast stores of silver. No one who has not seen its veins of silver—one of them (No. 3) traced for 1,000 feet—can form any conception of what lies in the property—in the original 40 acres—and the "J.B. 4," that joins it, yet barely prospected.

From the 70 foot level, drifts have been run out more than 1,000 feet; over 700 feet on the 200 foot; and work starting from the 300 foot level. They are proving that the pessimists were wrong when they said: "It's a surface camp."

The Lawson, the University, and Others

 On or before March first, work will be resumed on the celebrated University; the fabulously rich Lawson vein; the Fisher and Epplott, with its 18-inch calcite lead, in the vicinity of the

famous Temiskaming; the Princess—near the McKinley-Daragh—which promises to be another of the great mines of the camp, shipments of ore having already been made that runs over 4,000 ounces to the ton; and on the Cochrane, another in the Temiskaming locality. In a few months every one of these will be busy camps, for the Larose people never do things in a small way. If what they will do may be judged from what they have already done, then I may well repeat: If Cobalt had but one mine, and that the Larose, it would still be reckoned among the rich silver camps of Canada, yea, of the world, and one would be safe in predicting that it will be a second Comstock Lode.

COBALT—CANADA'S WONDERLAND

HOW TO GET THERE

THE first question one asks when hearing of a new place is "How do you get there?" I asked this when I used to hear, in Ottawa, of the silver land of New Ontario. I knew, as you know, that Cobalt is away up somewhere in the north. That is all I knew.

I went to the Canadian Pacific station in Ottawa and asked for a ticket to Cobalt, and the train did the rest. It was in the middle of May, that charming month for travel. One needs but sit in one of the palatial cars of this great road and glide through beautiful changing panorama, not once noting the passing of time—ever and anon looking out upon rapidly growing towns along the way. Oh it is delightful!

I am ever interested in the towns along the way, each with its own individuality.

There was the live town of Carleton Place, then Almonte with its busy mills. It was to Almonte the Prince of Wales—now the good King Edward—was driven from Arnprior while on his memorable visit to Canada in 1860, and Arnprior with its vast lumber mills, sixteen miles away, where again we reach the Ottawa River, which we had left at the Capital. Seventeen miles beyond is the beautiful town of Renfrew, with its well-laid streets, miles of concrete sidewalks, and its varied industries. Cobden, whose life went out when the old Ottawa River boats no longer ran the upper river, is another sixteen miles away. Onward nineteen miles and we have come to the great lumber and manufacturing town of Pembroke. Here my mind

ran back to that day three years before when I started from here to go up Lake Allumette on that jolly 50-mile trip to Days-Washing (spelled Des Joachims) with Captain Murphy. Sweet memory, that day three years ago!

At just 198 miles from Ottawa we come to Mattawa, once the liveliest, busiest town in all the north. It may not be what once it was, but it has given to other Canadian towns, men who have made those other towns. I later visited Mattawa, and found those who were left, a charming people, genial and courteous. It is here that the Mattawa River enters the Ottawa, which at this point turns toward the north, to run in tumbling rapids to Lake Temiskaming, 39 miles away. Along the eastern bank of the Ottawa runs a branch of the C.P.R.; it passes Lumsden's Mills, or Temiskaming, where it connects with a steamer line whose boats run up the lake for nearly 100 miles, and goes on a few miles north-easterly to the beautiful Kipipiwa Lake, with its 600 miles of indented shore line. At Temiskaming is the popular summer hotel—the Bellevue, and the great mills of John Lumsden, of Ottawa.

NORTH BAY

Beyond Mattawa, some 45 miles, we reach North Bay, destined by reason of its advantageous situation to become a large city. It was a result of the Canadian Pacific Railway—nothing in the early 80's, now a business and railway centre of many thousand people.

North Bay is 244 miles a little north of west of Ottawa. It lies on the north shore of Lake Nipissing—at its eastern extremity. The Nipissing is but a spot on the map of Canada, and yet it looks here to be a great lake as it goes out of sight to the west. Its waters flow west to the Georgian Bay through the French River, and the Ottawa carries a part of it to the east, through the River Mattawa; the lake is fifty or more miles in length.

So full of lakes is this great north, that the "little ones" don't count, and thus many a charming sheet of water is never

heard of until one by accident runs across it. This is why Canada is well called "The Land of Surprises." No preconceived notion of it will fit the situation. One must see it to know even a little bit about it. This of the eastern half—the grandeur and the sublimity of the western may never be painted, and cannot be told. Through the length of both runs this great railway, through varied and ever-changing beauty, each year becoming better known and more popular as a tourist road.

THE TEMISKAMING AND NORTHERN ONTARIO

At North Bay begins the Government railway, the T. and N.O., and here is where passengers from the east and west change to go to Cobalt, which lies 103 miles to the north.

This railway is the consummation of the Hon. Frank Latchford's dream. For years he worked for it, session after session, when in the Provincial Parliament as Minister of Public Works, He was finally successful and before he went out of power he saw trains running to the north for more than 100 miles. The Whitney Government took up the work and are pushing it rapidly on toward James Bay, many hundreds of miles toward the North Pole. From a small beginning it promises to become one of the most important in the country, by reason of the vast forests and millions of acres of farming lands that will be made available by it, not to mention the thousands of square miles of mineral lands which may be made practical for mining.

What was once called "The Land of the Muskeg and Stunted Poplar" will yet be found rich in mineral and a very garden in productiveness. Along its line are growing up prosperous towns, many destined to become cities by reason of the vast wealth that lies around them.

It is well called "The Picturesque Temiskaming," for here and there all along the way are lakes and rivers with magnificent falls pouring down through deep defiles of the hills.

Lake Temagami is in a forest reserve of 1,400,000 acres. It in itself is one of the most beautiful lakes in the north, and

besides, this vast reserve contains innumerable other lakes and many rivers. The Montreal, with its endless interest, bounds its northerly edge. It is reached at 72 miles from North Bay, at Temagami Station. Here a number of lines of steamers connect and carry the tourists far up and around its borders. It is so full of islands—they do say nearly 1,300 of them—that the scenery is kaleidoscopic in its beauty. Many hotels are here and there along the way, private residences peep out at the passing steamer through vistas on the islands, palatial yachts flit by with merry parties from the hotels and cottages, and—but it would take a book to tell you about it, and I'm on my way to Cobalt on the T. and N. O.

Beyond Temagami, and a few miles before reaching Cobalt, we cross the Montreal River at Latchford, named for the Hon. Frank. Here are big lumber mills. It is from Latchford that the mining country of the Upper Montreal River is reached by steamer, or if you are in a hurry, by canoes.

We now come to the end of our destination, Cobalt, as before said, 103 miles from North Bay, and 347 miles from Ottawa.

It has been a pleasant trip, fine scenery, and many bright travelling companions, all intent on "what we'll find when we get there." Enough of them had been there before to point out the places of interest along the way, and to tell the "tender-foot" what to expect when he got there. Elsewhere I have told you of some of the more important places along the line of the road.

It is one of the pleasures of the writer to meet old friends in new places. When in Pembroke in 1904 I was indebted for many courtesies to W. D. Cunningham, who was then with the Canada Atlantic. I had lost trace of him and had often wondered where he had gone, but coming to the far north I found him an active part of the T. and N.O. Railway line. The Commission certainly deserve credit for its selection for the road's management. From its genial young manager, J. H. Black, down through the office force, the young men are wideawake and efficient. At North Bay a fine office building of stone is being

erected; its stations are models of beauty, especially those of Temagami and Englehart—the latter rarely equalled, for size, in places less than a large city. The roadbed is well laid, the cars are remarkably well built, after the latest models, and manned by a train force, from conductors to brakemen, whose courtesy is most pleasing. “Why so efficient”? I asked, and was told than “J. H. will have nothing less.” The road is now completed to McDougall Chutes, 204 miles from North Bay, and regular trains will shortly begin running beyond Englehart, the divisional point. From McDougall Chutes to the crossing of the Transcontinental Railway it is some over 40 miles, and for this portion of the line the contract is let and work is progressing rapidly.

The great Transcontinental, under the wise supervision of our good friend S. N. Parent, Chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission, is rapidly going forward. At the crossing, east and west, a section 150 miles in length is being cleared, and the roadbed being graded. It is a vast undertaking, since to get material for the roadway and supplies for the army of men and the hundreds of horses requires great generalship. Were the T. and N.O. completed to the crossing it would be but comparatively easy, but to overcome the 40 miles of a gap may require the blasting out of the rock along the bed of the Abitibi River, that steamers may carry down the material and supplies.

So silently move the vast works of this great upper country that one must see to realize their magnitude.

WHERE TO STOP WHEN YOU GET THERE

TO the stranger it is ever a question, "Where shall I stop when I get there?" What hotel will best entertain me?

After months of sojourn I feel that I can answer these questions, if you are seeking the best in the various places you may visit in the north while on business or pleasure trips.

Beginning at Temiskaming, at the foot of the lake, is the Bellevue; at Ville Marie, the Bay View; at Haileybury, the Matabanick; at New Liskeard, the Canada; at Murray City (North Temiskaming), at the head of the lake, The King of the North; and at Englehart, on the T. and N.O., is the King Edward. It is a pleasure to speak of them as hotels. One may safely say: "Here is where to stop when you get there."

THE BELLEVUE HOTEL, LUMSDEN'S MILLS

Possibly the widest known hotel in New Ontario is the Bellevue, at the foot of Lake Temiskaming, at Lumsden's Mills. Built by the late Alex. Lumsden, when he owned and ran the line of lake steamers, it has long been a popular summer resort for people from Canada and the United States. Being near to beautiful Lake Kippiwa, it is noted as a centre for fishing and hunting.

It is reached from the Canadian Pacific railway at Mattawa, by a 39-mile branch of that railway, which runs the distance along the east side of the Ottawa River. Under the management of Mr. Freeman I. Daniels, it is made both home and hotel. After Mr. Lumsden's death, the Bellevue and the vast lumber interests of that successful man were taken up by his son John, who has become one of the most prominent business

men in this upper country. He took up the lines wheer his father laid them down, and is carrying on the great business with an energy seldom seen in the sons of the rich. From the 200 square miles of timber limits on the Kippiwa and the Quinze Lake country, he is taking out vast quantities of lumber. He is known as "The J. R. Booth of the North." He has recently gone into high-class farming and stock raising. I visited his stock farm on the west side of the lake, opposite the Bellevue, where may be seen some of the best horses and cattle in Northern Ontario, from whose Agricultural Fairs he carries away many premiums. He has also gone into mining, having acquired no less than six valuable mining claims in the Cobalt district, with an interest in 12 more. Some of these are in the immediate vicinity of the Temiskaming mines south of Cross Lake, and being in the same formation, must prove of great value.

THE BAY VIEW HOTEL, VILLE MARIE, QUE.

Down the Temiskaming Lake and 12 miles across from Haileybury, on the Quebec side, is one of the oldest and quaintest villages in this upper country. No one thinks of missing a visit to it, for if one do, one is asked so many times: "Have you been to Ville Marie?" that one must go once in self-defence, and after that as a habit. It is so different from all other places you have seen! There is here a "natural" grotto, *built* by the good fathers three or four years ago, to which many religious pilgrimages are taken from points around the lake. There is in Ville Marie a hotel which, for neat architectural beauty, surpasses all others. It is by the famous A. Durand. It is the Bay View kept by H. Landreville, known as "Henry the Strong Man," from his unusual strength of arm. It is claimed that even "Big Pete," whose giant strength is proverbial, cannot withstand him in "arm bending," and yet his manner in the entertainment of his guests is as gentle and courtly as possible. He makes them feel that it is a real pleasure to look after their every comfort.



The Bellevue—Lumsden's Mills. See page 95
The Bay View—Ville Marie. See page 96

July
25
1905



E. Edmonds, Manager

See page 97

Dawn—Across the Lake



J. A. Lawless, Prop.

The Old and New Canada—New Liskeard. Summer and Winter
See page 98



King of the North.

King Edward

Gibbons, Proprietors See page 117

ert, Proprietor. See page 99

THE MATABANICK, HAILEYBURY

Long years ago the Indians were wont to hold their annual meetings at some central point to make their plans for the coming year. They ever chose places not only for convenience, but for beauty of situation. These meeting places were called "Matabanick." Where is now the charming town of Haileybury was a famous Indian gathering place. To it the red man came up the Temiskaming Lake from the south, down the lake from the north, across from Quebec to the east, and over the divide from the wilds of the Montreal river to the west.

When David Hammond built the first hotel in Haileybury, he wisely chose this beautiful name, and called it the Matabanick, and through three buildings, each growing larger, the Matabanick has ever proved a "meeting place" for the traveller, the tourist and all who seek for the best in hotel convenience and home-like good cheer—"the comforts of an inn with the luxuries of the modern hotel."

Its situation is ideal, overlooking the broad Temiskaming, from which it may be seen far up and down and across.

In the spring of 1903, Mr. A. Ferland came up from Mat-tawa and purchased the original building, which was burned in 1905. Mr. Ferland sold the site to Messrs. F. Chaput and E. Edmonds, who at once erected a new house, and this in turn was swept away in the big fire of Aug., 1906. Mr. Ferland joined the two enterprising young men, and the present great building was started and opened September 28th, 1907. In beauty, convenience and situation it would be a credit to a city.

Mr. Chaput is from Chapeau, on Allumette Island, near Pembroke, from which he went to Sudbury, where at the American he got his hotel experience. Mr. Edmonds came from Toronto, from which he went to Detroit, and later to Barrie and Sudbury, from which latter city he and Mr. Chaput came to Haileybury. Later.—Mr. Ferland and Mr. Edmonds have purchased Mr. Chaput's interest, and the latter is now manager, and a good one he is—genial and obliging.

In New York City it is a comfort to say: "I stop at the Waldorf-Astoria." In Toronto "The King Edward." In Haileybury "I and my friends put up at the Matabanick."

THE CANADA HOTEL, NEW LISKEARD

One of the pleasant memories of my stay in New Ontario will ever be, what may well be called, my home life. It was only by chance that I found my way to J. A. Lawless's Hotel, The Canada, in New Liskeard. From May to November it was my home. I might go into many parts in search of information, but ever returned to room 31 as a place of real rest. So many hotels are simply a stopping place. You come and go, forgetting and forgotten, when once you pass from the door. Not so with the Canada, for, from the time George Kennedy meets you at the station, with his jolly: "This way for the Canada!" to Vizona's genial: "Come again!" you are a guest in its fullest sense.

J. A. Lawless, though reared on a North Renfrew farm, is a born hotel-keeper. At nineteen he was given his first license, and is the only man in Ontario who holds two hotel licenses—the National of Peterboro, and the Canada. Starting in Cobden he went first to Ottawa and afterward to Toronto, where he fitted out the first apartment house in that city—the St. George, which he left to manage the Lambton Golf Club House, and thence to the National, as above. Being largely engaged in mining in the Cobalt district, and being offered the Canada, he purchased it, and at once set about enlarging it to its present 91 rooms capacity—91 sleeping rooms with commodious office, great dining-room, baths, etc., making it a hotel that would be a credit to a city. But large as it is, his wide and growing circle of patrons will leave few vacancies.

The Canada was New Liskeard's first hotel. "Big Pete" (I. Farah) once came here on a hunting trip, and seeing the need of a hotel, built and ran this house up to the spring of 1907. It has ever been a popular stopping place, first with the hunters

and landseekers, and later with the mining men, and now with the tourists and commercial men, among whom Mr. Lawless has so many genuine friends.

When one has spent months in and about a hotel, coming and going, one naturally carries away many names of those who've sat round the board day after day—names and faces of those one would remember always.

There was "Doc," and "Jim," and "Samson,"

With "the Broker," "Bert," and "Mac";

"The Captain," too, was round the board,

And "the Colonel" from Lahdah Lac;

"Sir Richard" from Old England,

And "Billy" from the Soo.

I was happy at the Canada—

That summer—wasn't you?

(The King of the North will be found under head of Murray City.)

THE KING EDWARD, ENGLEHART

As I have mentioned elsewhere, I have never seen so cosmopolitan a country as the mining district of New Ontario. Some interesting characters are among the number—men who have made a success of life—others were born failures, and will keep it up to the end. Among the former may be noted H. I. Kert, of the King Edward Hotel of Englehart, so widely and favorably known by reason of his courtesy and enterprise. He came from Poland, when a boy, to New York City, next to Montreal, then to Sudbury, and in 1890 went to Mattawa.

It was in Mattawa where his ability was first remarked and appreciated. He was for nine years a member of the School Board. He was two years a member of the Town Council. When he became a councilman the town was paying 9 per cent. for money. This he had reduced by one-half. So valuable were his services looked upon that his going away was the regret of all classes.

He left Mattawa to go with the T. and N. O. railway, with

which he was connected as a supply contractor. In this he was so successful that on the advice of those prominent in Government circles, he built the beautiful King Edward hotel in Englehart. Here he took an active interest in the town's up-building, extending much money in its benefit.

He is interested in a number of good mining claims in Cobalt and the Abitibi Lake district.

Mr. Kert is rearing a family of sons who have inherited his rare ability. Edward, at fourteen, often takes full charge of the King Edward, conducting it in a manner that would do credit to one far beyond his years. Mr. Kert is connected with some of the prominent families of New York City and Montreal, the famous Dr. Weinburg of New York being a cousin.

Few in Englehart take so lively an interest in the welfare of the town as the landlord of the King Edward. After the late election for the first Mayor and Council (Jan., 1908), Mr. Kert gave a banquet in their honor, which would have done credit to a city. It was at the banquet where I analyzed the why of Englehart's rapid growth. Men there were, who sat round the board, who showed, by speech and conversation, abilities rarely found outside a large city. They were filled with the spirit of progress, and if this new town does not speedily take its place among the best in this upper land, then I greatly mistake in placing men in their proper niche.

HAILEYBURY

THERE is a beautiful town of some 3,000 inhabitants five short miles north of Cobalt, on the T. and N.O. It lies upon a gently sloping hill from Lake Temiskaming west to the railway, four blocks back from the shore. Scarcely a part of it from which cannot be seen the charmingly beautiful lake which stretches across to the Province of Quebec, five miles away to the east. It surely is an ideal site, and is being built up with rare taste, by a people of culture and refinement seldom found in a new town. It was one of the great surprises to me when I first looked upon it. I had long heard of Haileybury, but the picture formed by the name, was that of a rough mining village of small, unpainted houses, inhabited by a rough element, and a few uncultured people who had "struck it rich," bought good clothes and got an organ. Instead I found a city—a city in all but in size. The people are charmingly hospitable, educated and cultured to a high degree in music and the arts. The college and university men are so common that they do not count.

Haileybury has a fine school system, shortly to be improved by a large high school. It has many churches, which are well attended, and with ministers of ability, much good is being done. So law-abiding is Haileybury that two policemen, fine specimens of stalwart manhood, with little to do, keep perfect order. The same may be said of both New Liskeard and Cobalt, the former with two, and the latter with three of a police force.

Its hotels are far above the standard for like size towns, the Matabanick being unequalled, for size and appointments, in any town in Canada, while it has a club house, the like of which is hardly to be found on the continent. The membership of this club, nearly 500, is unique, being made up of men from every mining district in the world.

Its architecture may be judged by the pictures of residences, business houses and public buildings which I give. Its name was taken from an English college town.

First Settlers

"Who was the first to come" is a question the writer always asks about a town of which he is writing. I asked it about Haileybury. Its long history runs back into the vague, to the time when it was "a coming out place," as here the shore of the lake changes from a rock-bordered edge to level landing for boats coming up the lake.

While many came and went—the Indians for unknown ages—the voyageurs for years, and later the Hudson Bay traders, it was Mr. P. T. Lawlor who first took up a permanent residence here.

Mr. Lawlor was so much identified with the early history of the town that I must needs give a passing word to his memory. Born in Russell county, Ontario, in 1857, he came to Temiskaming in 1885, and to the site of Haileybury in 1887. Here he took up that part of the place now known as Lawlortown, to the south of the business portion. He became a councillor when Bucke township was made a municipality. He was also one of its first school trustees. When Haileybury was incorporated he was chosen its first Mayor. He was Mayor when he died in May of 1907. He lived to see his land change from an unbroken wilderness into a thriving town. His business ability was remarkable. When a town is started, shrewd business men often induce lot owners to share with them their lots for the promise of helping to bring a railway to make valuable the residue. Shrewd men could not induce him to share, and he left to his family a rich inheritance.

In a western town it was once said: "The best business man in town is a woman." This might be said of Haileybury. One more gifted in business that counts, than Mrs. Lawlor, would be hard to find; she is ever watching for industries that will add to the growth of Haileybury. She gave bringing inducements to one of the largest and most complete brick-making plants in New

Ontario, ready to start with the opening of spring. And when a big foundry would have come, she was first to offer inducements to bring it. The typical business woman is too often cold, calculating, austere, save when selling something; Mrs. Lawlor is as gentle-mannered as she is capable, and as kind as she is able; and, like her husband, ever ready to do her part when her town's interest is in question.

Builders of Haileybury

Not until mineral was found in nearby Cobalt was there any remarkable growth in the town. From that date, 1903, is marked a rapid increase. It was to Haileybury that some of the great mine owners came to reside. It is here we find Colonel Hays, President of the Trethewey; the Timmons Brothers, and D. A. Dunlop, of the Larose; C. A. Foster, of the Foster, and President of the Green-Meehan; A. Ferland, of the Chambers-Ferland; Matt. Murphy of the Devil's Rock, R. Shillington of the Temiskaming, H. H. Lang and Wm. Lewis of the City of Cobalt, Wm. Powell and Cyril T. Young of many interests, W. S. Mitchell of the Casey Mines, the Townsite and numerous others; the Wright Brothers, E. C. and Marty, discoverers of the Drummond and the Jacobs mines, and the latter the owner of the charter for the Montreal River Power Company, destined to become a great factor in the future of the mining industry. Many of these have here built beautiful homes, changing the crude village into a veritable city of taste, for if we may judge by the late Christmas numbers of the newspapers, Haileybury, before the advent of the silver men, was not much but "a coming out place." From these Christmas numbers we cannot but conclude that it was they who "laid" Haileybury.

Timber and Lumber Interests

Not only is Haileybury a "silver city," but one of timber and lumber as well. Here are Howard Dunbar, Clement A. Foster, the Little Brothers, A. J. Murphy,

while the E. B. Eddy Co., and J. R. Booth, have each a resident representative, S. D. Briden for the former and M. S. Hennessy for the latter. It is thought that for many years there will here be a timber supply for the various companies. The town has the double advantage of the railway and the lake, for bringing in and carrying out the supply and finished product.

Mayor Clement A. Foster

In the above, both in mining and in timber and lumber, may be seen the name of Clement A. Foster. He is Haileybury's young Mayor, chosen for the second time by a majority that looks as though he had been the only one in the field. He is one of the results of the camp. Coming a poor man, scarce beyond boyhood, he worked up through and against many difficulties, to a place among the few great successes of the Cobalt district. That which would have turned the brain of many another boy, has but solidified and made a man, capable and substantial, of the boy Foster. Both he and Mrs. Foster are giving to Haileybury their best efforts towards its permanent growth—he in a business way—Mrs. Foster in a social way—not the heartless way of so-called empty society, but in the advancement of the musical, the literary, the artistic progress of the town, the way that counts for good—the way that leaves no heartburnings.

Needed Power

What the town requires is a cheap and sufficient power for manufacturers, and this it could have from the Montreal River, at the mouth of which thousands of horsepower need but to be harnessed and transmitted, to make of the town a busy hive of workers.

Trolley Line

It needs, too, a trolley line to connect with nearby towns, power for which it might have from the same source as for its factories. It is well for any municipality to safeguard its interests in giving charters for trolley and power lines, but it is no part of wisdom

to "safeguard" both *away* from the municipality. Get it. Get them, either or both would be too valuable to keep out on trifling terms.

Later.—A charter for a trolley line is about to be given. It will be a boon to the camp, and means the building up of the whole distance between Haileybury and Cobalt.

Hospitals

As showing the heart of the people, I must cite the hospital work done in these upper towns. In New Liskeard is one of the finest hospital buildings—The Lady Minto—of any town its size in the country. Haileybury will soon have a fine hospital, Mayor Foster having donated a twenty-two-acre site for it. Cobalt has a good building to shelter and care for its ill and injured. Even McDougall's Chutes had a hospital almost before it had any residences; this for the railway workmen while the road was building. Besides the public hospitals, there are a number of private ones, Dr. Field, of New Liskeard, having a well-appointed one.

Whether these good people need hospitals more than do we in the States I cannot say, but our towns of like size cannot compare with those of Canada when caring for the sick and afflicted is in question.

Music

With so many people of city culture it is not surprising that we find here so many who excel in music. I have attended entertainments, whose only talent was local, that would rank high in any community. The names of Mrs. W. H. Train, in Haileybury; F. A. York, in North Bay; and Mrs. C. A. Wismer, in New Liskeard, stand justly high among musical directors. To them very much is due the well-trained choruses of these towns.

The town has an excellent cornet band, which under the efficient leadership of J. Walter Marriott, has grown from six to twenty members. This leader is a good illustration of what these northern towns have to draw from. Marriott is from Leicester,

England, and for more than eight years was a member of the Tenth Regiment Band. It is an interesting story that Walter tells of his Egyptian campaign, "when Kitchener fought the wild hordes of the Soudan."

It is well worthy a passing note of remark the excellence of some of the Salvation Army singers. I have never heard so sweet voices among those of any other country as here in the far north. And apropos of the Army in the various towns. It is composed of a most excellent class of workers—and they are doing much real good. They are assisted by all classes and creeds, showing the high respect in which they are held.

He Had Sung with Carl Rosa

As indicating the cosmopolitan crowds that find their way into a mining camp, I must give you a pathetic incident, which came under my notice one day in a Haileybury hotel, where a strolling harper—and a good one he was—was entertaining the crowd. He had been playing for some time, when he struck up "The Heart Bowed Down." At this, a tramp-like fellow, who had been listening intently, arose and sang the words. Often had I heard that beautiful song, on many stages and in many lands, but never before had I heard it more beautifully rendered than by this wreck of a once noble singer. At the close I called him to one side and asked, "Who are you, and with whom have you sung?" for I knew he was no ordinary man. He looked at me, and feeling that I was honest in my inquiries, gave me his name and said: "I have sung all over the world with the Carl Rosa Opera Company." Then, "Say, Mr., if you ever write of this, don't give my name. Don't give my name, my friends don't know where I am, they don't even know that I am living, and I'm so far down, I don't want them to know." Some of the people tried to reclaim him, for there are many kind hearts in this northland. But it was all to no purpose. They clothed and made him look again the cultured gentleman that he was by nature. One of the churches took him into its choir, and for a time his solos were a feature. Such music may never be heard again in this upper

country. But it was only for a time—only for a time. He went back to drink and drifted away, no one knew whither. During his short reclamation he was one of the most refined men I have ever met. His magnetism was such that in a short while he had drawn around him a host of friends—friends who would have done everything for him. But it was no use—he drifted away, and was again lost to all who had grown to love him.

I later learned that he belonged to a great family in a European city, and that he had told me the truth about his Carl Rosa campaign.

Athletics

Haileybury excels in many of the games and sports, but it can't play hockey, while New Liskeard, a town five miles to the north, along the lake shore, has possibly the best hockey team, for the size of the town, in the world. This team plays as near perfect hockey as I have ever seen the game played. I am told that last winter, when they had beaten all local teams, that the Victorias from Ottawa were brought here to play them. They went back to the capital good subjects for a change of name. The manager of the Canadian Soo brought here a professional team, and only won by a single point—the manager saying that "If I had the New Liskeard boys for one month, I could meet any hockey team in the world." One cannot realize that such perfection of play could be possible in so small a town.

Athletic Bankers and Lawyers

The above was written before the bankers and lawyers played their game. I must therefore modify "Haileybury can't play hockey." Yes, modify it a whole lot. Some of them can play hockey. The bankers and lawyers are among the "some." The umpire said it was a one to one game. It would have been a two to one, were it not that the lawyers carried their everyday practice into the play. They are so used to getting smoothly through close places, that they shot the puck clean through the mesh of the net without the umpire ever seeing it—so the lawyers

say. The bankers say that the claim is an overdraft on fact and refuse to cash up.

Your notion of lawyers is that they are anything but athletic. The Haileybury variety differ from your notion, and may be known by the "One to One" with young men who are proverbial as among the best in physical manhood—the bankers.

Apropos of the legal profession of the town—twelve of them. They rank high in ability, and are fine specimens of men, strong, young and mentally and physically able. This may be said of the clergy and medical men as well.

Haileybury a Judicial Court Town—Perhaps

Efforts are being made to have Haileybury the Court Town of this upper country. Now, all but the small cases have to be taken for trial to North Bay.

Capital of the New Province

Those who have a way of looking into the future, have made of Haileybury the capital city, when New Ontario shall have been made a separate province. They make $\frac{7}{2}$ of New Liskeard and Haileybury one great city, with the capitol buildings on that magnificent site that lies between the two.

These seers of division may be but idle dreamers, but when we think of Ontario being as large as the twelve states that lie between the Mississippi River, at Illinois, and the Atlantic Ocean, it certainly seems a most sensible move, and especially so when Old and New Ontario differ so in conditions and products. New Ontario will become one of the richest mining countries in the world—Old Ontario is rich in farming, fruits and dairying. If this great upper half had not men capable of conducting the affairs of state, it might be well to have its mining interests managed by the dairymen, fruit growers and farmers of the south. But it has men most efficient in many things, and some do go so far as to say that they could even make mining laws—mining laws that they themselves could understand after they had made them.

They would, at least, make them in their own interests, and in a way that mine owners could not, on technicalities, lose both money and mines. But I was telling you about Haileybury.

- Newspapers

The newspapers of the town are quite up with the times. The *Haileyburian* was the first started. I mind with what interest we used to read the brilliant clippings from this crisp paper. It was copied far and wide in the early days.

The *Silver City News* is devoted to mining news almost exclusively, keeping a staff of men among the mines, throughout the district, collecting everything of note to the outside mining world.

New Liskeard has two excellent newspapers. It was in this town where Roberts, a surveyor, started the first paper in the upper country. This was the short-lived *Gazette*. The *Temiskaming Herald* was the next. It and *The Speaker* will rank with any in the Dominion for the size of town. The latter is so much up-to-date that each week it gives a full page of "Buster Brown" for the children. And apropos of this conception of Outcault's, it is the most popular of its kind in Canada.

In Cobalt, *The Cobalt Nugget*, a bright, newsy paper, is the only one in the town, with *The Mining News* to start very shortly.

Each of the papers of the three towns got out most creditable illustrated Christmas numbers—*The Herald* giving both half-tone and line-cut work, having employed a special artist for the latter. Oh, yes, the *Press* of this far north country could give many a pointer, on excellence, to some of the large city papers!

Teddy Bear and His Island

Speaking of R. F. Outcault and his "Buster Brown," reminds me that another is here who has made and is making glad the hearts of millions of little ones. On a beautiful island, in Lake Temiskaming, and but a short distance from Haileybury, Seymour Eaton spends his summers, in a most picturesque cottage

that stands on a point of the island. I used often to see him during the summer, and was most entertained with the story of his "Teddy Bears." The cottage was built by Brown, of Wannamaker & Brown, of Philadelphia. His was the island. He came years ago, before civilization had become prevalent, but when white shirts grew fashionable he sold his island and went away to far-off Abitibi. How long he will find that a pleasing solitude is hard to tell, with the railway bearing toward it and the gold-hunters pouring in.

Haileybury a Summer Resort

So many places of interest may be reached from here that each year more and more pleasure-seekers are finding the advantages here offered. Across the lake to the north-east is Murray City, 15 miles away. In another chapter may be known what is to be seen there. Ville Marie, 12 miles down and across the lake; the old fort and mission, 3 miles further, and the famous Notch, at or near the mouth of the Montreal, some miles below.

The Devil's Rock

Three miles south, down the lake from Haileybury, and on the same shore, is The Devil's Rock, a high bluff that rises sheer up, hundreds of feet, from the lake. It is truly bold and picturesque—one of those sights one goes far to look upon and wonder at what Nature can do with its rocks.

Years ago it is said that Dr. Bell, the famous geologist of the Dominion Government, when passing this rock for the first time, remarked that mineral must here be present—the formation being perfect. But being a geologist he did not find it. They seem always to know where it *should* be, but it is left to be found by the patient prospector. In this instance, the prospector was once almost as famous as the Dr. himself—but in another line—a more popular line. You boys whose hair is just beginning to turn a little silver, all remember that Cornwall lacrosse player whose prowess with the stick carried his name across the con-

tenant—that splendid fellow, Matt. Murphy. It was he who found the mineral which Dr. Bell said “must be here.” He found it on three claims, turned them into a strong company (of which Jackson Booth of Ottawa is President), and has since been its general manager and resident director.

The stranger passing the rock at night might get the impression that it was well named, were he not told that those flickering lights came from the candles of the miners, who are running drifts in from the water’s edge. Thousands of dollars are thus saved by not having to sink shafts down through the hundreds of feet of rock. Having drifted in to catch the veins they will on these veins—now grown rich—go down to reach the lodes which they are now confident lie below.

Matt’s old love of athletics is being renewed. He ever takes an interest in honest sports. The rink managers are giving to Haileybury a cheerful winter.

The Beauty of the Far-North Girl

It is truly a beautiful sight to sit in this great rink and watch the youth and beauty of the town glide round and round to the music of an excellent band. Ye who know but the sallow faces, can little conceive of the ruddy, health-glowing beauty of the far north girl; cultured and active, she moves upon the ice with an inborn grace that is truly pleasing to look upon.

A Cosmopolitan Town

Haileybury is many towns in one. Here are Ottawans, Torontonians, and from points all down the line, while one could well think that Mattawa had been depopulated that Haileybury might be. From there came the Timmons Brothers, the Ferlands, Dohertys, Dunlops, Capt. W. A. and A. H. Rimsbottom, Dr. Haentschel, Joseph Bell, P. A. Ferguson, John Rankin, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Dr. Jackson, and many others prominent. It was Mattawa from which came the obliging and efficient Mining Recorder for the Temiskaming District, Mr. Geo. T. Smith.

This town has been more to Haileybury than any other one. Many of the finest residences are the homes of Mattawans, and I sometimes think that the cordiality of Haileybury may be attributed to the people from that hospitable little place down the Ottawa, where hospitality is so proverbial.

In concluding this necessarily brief sketch, I cannot more heartily, more accurately do so, than in the words of a lady of much culture and wide travel, who, in speaking of the towns of the north, said: "I found Haileybury, Ontario, one of the most delightful places I have visited. Its people are charmingly cordial, and the sort you like to have charmingly cordial toward you. They make you love both them and their town, and in going away you carry with you kind remembrance of many acts of genuine courtesy."



Along the Picturesque T. and N. O. Railway
See page 92



Thomas Murray

Adam Burwash



MURRAY CITY

(North Temiskaming)

SOME cities boast of their manufacturing facilities; some, of the rich farming lands surrounding them; others of beauty of situation, with scenery of forest and stream. Still others of their healthfulness. Rare, indeed, is found one that can boast of them all.

When my eye first caught sight of Murray City, the balmy June morning I crossed the lake from Haileybury, I could not but exclaim: "Here is the ideal site for a great metropolis!" As the little steamer plied its way from lake into river, the high banks extending for miles far up to where river turns from north to east, I was charmed with the scenery; when later I visited the mighty rush of water down the fifteen rapids, the unused power appealed to me as I saw the future uses to which they must be put for manufacturing; looking at the rich fields, which lined the way, I saw agricultural possibilities that would have made glad the heart of an Illinois farmer; and still later, when I found that the only doctor in town had gone to seek his fortune among the mines of northern Quebec, I could not but feel that here was a veritable health resort. "Rare, indeed, is found the one that can boast of them all," but here I had found "the one," as surely 'twas an ideal site for a great city that burst upon our view that morning as we steamed up the Quinze River.

"Where is the site that commands so much enthusiasm?" I knew you would ask that, and I had my answer all ready.

Lake Temiskaming is a magnificent inland sea, more than seventy-five miles long, and in places six to eight miles wide. It is one of the chain of lakes of which the Ottawa River is made up. It is the greatest of the many. It begins at the south, at a place with many names: "The Long Soo," "Temiskaming," and

"Lumsden's Mills." It ends, or possibly more properly begins, at what might well be called "Ideal City," of which I am writing. It lies between the Provinces of Quebec, on the east, and Ontario on the west.

An Indian Reserve

Murray City is in a 60,000 acre Indian Reserve. It lies in the Province of Quebec—and not far from the west line.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Adam Burwash, the Indian Agent, who came up here, a third of a century ago, from Lachute, in Argenteuil. He was one of the pioneers of this north country. I asked him of the Indians of whose welfare he has to look after.

"How many are there in the reserve"? I asked. "Of the old families there are but three left: the Wabis, the Masinikijeks, and the Matawens. Of these there are 220 people. I might mention Coquana, one lone member of a once great family. When he is gone—and he is now very old—the family will be extinct."

"Do they own the land, these few people"? "Yes, in a way, but they cannot sell, save through the Quebec Government, which decides, when an offer is made, if the price is proper."

Mr. Burwash lives on the east side of the river, across from the town, where he is laying out into town lots his 200 acre farm, in anticipation of the great boom that must be when the Canadian Pacific Railway comes up from Lumsden's Mills. The wise ones have already begun to take up lots, which, owing to the magnificent situation, overlooking river, town and lake, must become most valuable the minute the road reaches here on its way to strike the great transcontinental, 100 miles to the north.

Originator of a Great Mining Company

Mr. Burwash was the originator of the now famous Hudson Bay and Temiskaming Mining Company, whose one dollar shares are now held at as high as \$300, since the great find of September 9th. Few companies, in all time, have equalled the success of the Hudson Bay, whose originator had never made any pretence

as a financier. From a poor man he has within a few short months become one of the wealthy men of the land. In the hands of such as he, money is a blessing.

The Real Heroes of Canada

To Mrs. Burwash, the cultured wife of the Agent, much is due the building of the fine hospital at New Liskeard. She it was who called its need to the attention of Lady Minto—after whom it was named: "The Lady Minto Hospital"—who at once set about securing a grant that made its building possible.

All throughout the country this good woman is known. Many a sick room has been brightened by her cheery presence. She has ever been the friend of the pioneer—friend when there was most need.

"The real heroes of Canada," says she, "are not they who shoulder their rifles and go to battle, but the pioneer wife and mother, who endures hardships and privations which would try the bravest hearts. Talk about the builders of the Empire! It is not the men whose names find place in history, but these grand women who go with their husbands into the wilds of the forests, there to suffer and often die, far from home and loved ones, back at the 'Front.' These are the heroes! All honor is due their noble lives." As I listened to her enthusiastic words in behalf of the pioneer women, I could not but think of the vast good that a little of the rich man's money could do, in sending trained nurses to the various backwoods sections, where many a woman dies for want of meagre care.

One day, while passing a cabin, in a far backwood, the man with me said: "See that little house"? Several unkempt children were playing around the yard as we passed. The man continued: "Last winter the wife and mother died under most distressing circumstances." I later learned the circumstances. The husband was away. A neighbor passing, was hailed by one of the little children, who, crying, said: "Oh, mister, my mamma said she was going to die, and now she won't talk to us"! He went in and found the woman unconscious. He secured help, but it was too

late. Two lives had gone out, in that backwood cabin, when a few dollars of the worse than wasted wealth of the idle rich might have saved both.

Could they who are ever looking for fads on which to spend their money see here a need, they surely would give heed to a suggestion to send trained nurses to lessen the hardships of the pioneer women of this north country, where, to get a doctor, is often an impossibility. Incidentally, doctors have to go, at times, as far as forty miles, into sections almost impossible to reach—and to their honor be it said, they seldom refuse the call of the pioneer.

Old Friends in New Places

I am ever meeting old friends in new places. No matter where I go, some of the boys have gotten there first. Almost the first one I met, at Murray City, was John Foran, who used to do my engravings, when at the head of the Federal Engraving Company, on Elgin Street, Ottawa.

"Happy"? repeated Jack. "Why, I wouldn't change for two farms. Never knew what real living was until I came up into this free, clear, bracing air!" And he looked the "Happy Jack." Of course the fact of his having acquired no end of good mining claims would naturally tend to make him feel on good terms with all the world.

A Great River with a Deceiving Name

"Jack," I asked, pointing to a broad stream that flowed by the town, "what river is that"?

"That," said he, "is the famous Quinze," but you'd never have believed it when you heard it pronounced. It's just like you went to say "Has" with a "C" instead of an "H"—*Cas*. It means the *Fifteen* River, fifteen falls, which I referred to before, and which gives it a possible right of being pronounced any old way, because of the greatness of its unused power.

Just to think of it! In going eighteen miles it drops 270

feet. Some time it will drop to a purpose, and then you will not have to be told *where* Murray City is to be found.

Thomas Murray, the Many Times M.P.

No wonder Thomas Murray quit Renfrew politics to buy here and start a city which must sometime become one of the great ones of Canada. Its situation, as I have said, is ideal for a vast manufacturing centre, besides being a distributing point for a great area of back country.

To refer to Thomas Murray is but to mention a name too familiar in Canada to need any introduction. You who have followed Canadian affairs know of his eight years in the Dominion Parliament, and his twelve years' service as member in the Ontario House.

Mr. Murray is not a novice at town building. He it was who saw the future of North Bay, and, with John Ferguson, started this enterprising city towards the position it must hold among the great ones of Ontario. "Great" by reason of its situation, and the enterprise of the people who have since come to it. It was Thomas Murray who secured for North Bay its Court House and other public buildings, and had the back country opened up by roads.

Besides his interests in Murray City, he will shortly start to build a town at the mouth of the Montreal River, which, by reason of the wonderful power, soon to be harnessed by two great companies, must become more than town. It too must become a city of factories. And not only that, but the beauty of the site will attract those who are ever looking for ideal summer homes.

'The King of the North'

Murray City is fast becoming a summer resort, for what with the magnificent lake, the river of many falls, so full of beauty spots, and the pure air of this northern clime, it is attracting many from our own country as well as from Canada. The Temiskaming Navigation Company's steamers make daily

trips to this point throughout the season, bringing many tourists and pleasure-seekers.

The Gibbons, R. and P., saw here the need of a hotel, and have built "The King of the North." They built for the prospector, the traveller, the tourist and the hunter—built as they thought large enough for them all, but once the beauty of the situation of Murray City is known abroad, the "King" must be enlarged again and again to accommodate the many who will come to see and enjoy.

The River of Rapids

I could not but think this the day I went up the Caz River, to look upon sights and scenes nowhere else to be found in the world. To tell you of this river of rapids would convey but little of the real grandeur of the scenery. So swift and seething the waters that great bodies of foam, like floating ice blocks, reach from the first rapid—two miles away—to the landing near the hotel.

These rapids, in their order, were given me by the famous river man, Ben. McKenzie: First Chute; Second Chute; The Devil's Chute; The Island, which is two miles long, is made up of a number of nameless rapids: Pipestone, so called from the stone the Indians used in making their pipes; Little Pipestone; The Kayha, Indian for hawk; The Cypress; The Maples; and The Head. There are others but they are small and nameless.

The Devil's Chute

Here is what I wrote the day I sat upon the great rocks overlooking the Devil's Chute. It will but feebly convey the enthusiasm I felt in the presence of so much that was beautiful. It must be seen to be appreciated.

"The third rapids is called The Devil's Chute. If strength, power and awe make the name, then it is well named. But if beauty, grandeur, and inspiration be taken into account, then it is Godlike. Would that my "Ideal" could convey to you

what lies before me this bright June morning! To the left, some three hundred yards away, the tumbling waters come into view from the east, at the bend of the river, and sweep, a rolling rapid, round a basin to my very feet, where they break into an incline of forty-five degrees, down which the whole Ottawa pours, a mighty mass, through a narrow gorge, and falling into a roaring caldron, churns into a cloud of mist as the waters foam and sweep away to the rapids below. The grey titanic rocks on which I sit, as I pen these lines, add to the grandeur of the scene. Looking in all directions around, upon the verdure-clad hills, is a picture so magnificent that one might cross a continent to gaze upon.

"Wait! Wait! A boylike spirit comes over me. I will go up the rocky bank and roll into the rapid one of those great logs that have caught and hold their feeble tenure in the eddy, then return and watch it plunge down the chute. Quick! It is off! But long before I can get back it has shot through and is tossing in the caldron like a feathery thing."

So little is all this appreciated by the people, that to reach this chute I had to pick my way through the underbrush along the river bank, and when I would return, by way of the hill above, I had to hold my camera in my teeth as I pulled myself up the steep ascent by catching hold of small stems that grew along the side. But the enterprising Gibbons boys purpose having a path made, by means of which their guests may easily find their way to the Chute, which when known will draw vast numbers to see and enjoy its beauty.

The Indian Church

There is at Murray City one of the quaintest little churches I have seen in Canada. It is Catholic, under the wise care of Father Laniel. I attended it while there, and more devotion I have seldom seen than was manifested by the Indians, who make up the larger party of the congregation. Some of them have good voices and joined heartily in the singing of the services.

Hunters' Supplies

Murray City is on a direct line to the great hunting grounds of the north. Here the hunter is wont to fit out for his expedition. The house of Murray & Foran, as well as J. P. Ranger, keep every requirement for hunter, fisher and tourist. No one intending to go for moose, for fishing in the lakes, toward the Height of Land, or for mere pleasure, need bring an outfit, as all may here be had on most reasonable terms.

Incidents by the Way

On the way over to Murray City, there were three priests that morning on the steamer. I always make it a point to meet and know the good fathers. I'm ever sure to find in them good travelling companions. This morning I was specially fortunate, for one of them proved to be the famous Father Fafard, O.M.I., of Albany, James Bay, the priest who made the 500 mile snowshoe trip from Albany to Murray City last winter. He told me of that trip, jokingly saying, "I came for my health." Now what do you think of that! Five hundred miles through a trackless wilderness, with the thermometer on friendly terms with fifty below! Well, for mine, I'll take the health prescription with 490 miles off, and that in the good old summer time.

Fifteen years ago he was stationed at Murray City, then North Temiskaming, and from here went to his present home in the far north.

He was full of pleasing reminiscences, and could tell a good story. When passing Wabis Point he told of

Big Wabi, the Indian, Who Followed the Way of the White Man

"Chief Wabi," began the father, "was certainly one of the characters of the country. I asked him one day: 'Wabi, how do you get on so well?' 'How I get on? I tell you. One tam it was Little Wabi, little eat, big work. I see white man, I follow he's way. Now, little work, big eat, Big Wabi.'

"To give his conception of the ways of the white man he told of how he had succeeded in following those ways: 'I sit in cabin, on day. White man came along. Hay very scarce that year. White man he say, "Wabi, got any hay?" I say, "Yes, three ton." "How much"? "Fifty dollars ton." He pay me, and I have heap money. Nuther man came along, and he say: "Wabi, got any hay?" I say, "Yes, three ton." "How much"? "Fifty dollars ton." He pay me and I feel big rich man. Nuther man came along. Hay very scarce. Every body want hay, but nobody want hay till winter tam. He say: "Wabi, got any hay"? I tell him same as before, and he pay me. What? Oh, yes, same old hay! Sell him three tam, and have beeg, beeg money. Winter tam come long. Ver' cold winter! Cattle eat all grass, then stan' round and get ver' thin and poor. I feel ver' sorry for cattle, and then I feed 'em white men's hay. White men come after while and all say: "Wabi, want hay." I look ver' sad, and say, "Cattle eat it up. Hay all gone!" White man no get mad. He used to it!' I have seldom heard a more apt illustration."

Besides "health" Father Fafard had come to have printed some books in the Cree language. He was about to return to Albany. This time by canoe.

Incidental Meetings

These meetings are the pleasures of travel—the incidental meetings. Which reminds me of the three young prospectors who got on the steamer at Murray City to cross to Haileybury. They were just returning from months of prospecting in northern Quebec. They had three bags of samples, and reported great finds. Two were from British Columbia, and one, a doctor, from a Quebec town. Once knowing a very prominent man who had lived in that same town, but who had died some years ago, I naturally asked of the doctor if he had known him. "Oh, yes, I knew him well. Fine man he was too!" "Yes," said I, "and a fine lady, his wife!" "Right you are there," said he smiling. "I know, for she is *my* wife now." Little world this!

The doctor had read a number of my books, and we were at once friends. An author's readers always have a peculiar interest to him. They ever seem nearer.

This was my first trip to Murray City. All throughout the summer I have many times gone across the lake. Some times alone, but oftener with pleasant parties from Haileybury. The Temiskaming is surely a most delightful pleasure lake. It has many places for a day's outing, all along, and around its charming shores, from Murray City, at the north, to Lumsden's Mills at the south, where lake again turns to river, to flow in tumbling rapids through more lakes, and on down, for hundreds of miles, to join the beautiful St. Lawrence at Montreal. Sweet memories—this summer spent in the far north!

TORONTO—THE QUEEN CITY

WHEN I had finished my work in the north country, with its vast mineral wealth; had seen its broad areas of timber and rich farming lands; when I had looked upon its waterfalls, destined to furnish power for mighty works; when I had gone up and down its rivers and lakes, through beauties yet to be found by the spying tourist; when I had collected my manuscript, feebly telling of a few of the things to be seen in that land of wonders, I felt that my months spent among such kindly people, and amid so much that was pleasing, had been the most enjoyable months of my life. And now I am off for the Queen City, which I am to see for the first time.

On my way from Cobalt to Toronto I learned the location of many a town whose name alone I had known. One must see to know location.

From North Bay I went by way of a branch of the Grand Trunk Railway, whose ever-growing system is reaching into every nook and corner of the Dominion. Muskoka lakes, always seemed away off towards Georgian Bay, but in a vague way. Passing through Bracebridge and Gravenhurst, by which these marvellous lakes are reached, I could see the picture clear and distinct, never again to be vagued in location. Then The Lake of Bays was but a name—passing Huntsville the name and location became real and fixed identities.

From North Bay to Toronto are a score of towns, and two score of stations, in the 226 miles of distance.

Along this branch are South River; Sundridge, from which is reached the new and very rich copper country, 16 miles to the west; Burk's Falls, with its mills; Scotia Junction, where is crossed

the old Canada Atlantic Railway, now an important branch of the Grand Trunk; Huntsville, as above, from which is reached the charming summer resort of The Lake of Bays; Bracebridge, a beautiful town of 3,000 people, from which you can get into the famous Muskoka lakes to the west; a short distance, Gravenhurst, with its widely known sanatorium for consumptives. This is another entrance to the Muskoka. Twenty-five miles further along, on the north shore of Lake Simcoe, we come to one of the best known towns in Western Ontario, Orillia, made so by its live, wideawake people, who are sparing nothing to bring its name and manufacturing advantages before the business world. Near by is one of the great asylums of the province—a beautiful building three miles to the south. Barrie, with its retired farmers, is some twenty miles below, and the railroad town of Allandale, near by, both on the western arm of Lake Simcoe. Bradford, Newmarket, and Richmond Hill are the names familiar of towns we pass before we reach Toronto.

This is but a hurried run through one of the most marvellous lake countries in the Dominion, which means in the world. Tens of thousands of people yearly come to visit these lakes, not only from Canada but from many parts of our own country and Europe, and as they become wider known, more tens of thousands will pass here their summers rather than go far to visit less of beauty.

I Had Heard of It Before

Before coming to Canada in 1901, I had heard of Toronto, when I got to Canada I heard of Toronto, when I met people from that city I heard of nothing else. I grew to thinking that Toronto must be IT—now I know it—for I've been there.

A kindly people have a beautiful city—made so by the greatest civic pride I have ever met with in any country—unless it be Virginia in their love of State. The people are as loyal to their city as the Virginians to their State, and as kind and courteous to the stranger. I once met a round-the-world traveller from

Australia. I asked him, "What is the most beautiful city you have seen?" "There are two, Honolulu and Toronto." From this and all that I had heard in praise of the Queen City, I was prepared to like it—and I do. Ask of any one you meet for a direction and he will stop and direct you, often going out of his way to do so, and that cheerfully.

I was in the greatest church in the city one night. It was crowded to the doors. The minister, after preaching a beautiful sermon, invited all strangers to tarry and meet in the lecture room that they might become acquainted. I tarried. Now, I'm going to make a criticism. I did want to meet that preacher—to meet and know him and some of his people, for I was lonely that first night in the city. I tarried. The lecture room was crowded. Where was the preacher? Where were his people? Before I left I had learned that all had gone their way, leaving the "strangers" to *get acquainted*. I never after went into that lecture room. I could meet and know the strangers outside of it. That's all—aside from the coldness of its churches—now so general in all large cities—Toronto is ideal.

Toronto a Tourist City

Nobody thinks of coming to Canada without including in the tour Toronto. For this reason hundreds of thousands have come, seen the city, and carried its famed beauty into every land.

There is not only much to please and interest the tourist or passing traveller, in the city itself, but in every conceivable direction there are places worth visiting—by trolley, by steam cars and by steamboat. From all I can gather from those who have spent summers here, these people are all a committee of one, and the duty of that committee is to see that not a soul leaves town without carrying away a good opinion of its beauty and the kindly hospitalities of its people. I may speak from my own knowledge next summer—but if their summer hospitality may be judged by their winter courtesy, my opinions are already formed.

The Queen and Her Brilliant Satellites

Within a radius of 120 miles of Toronto are many prosperous cities and large towns. Hamilton at the very western point of Lake Ontario, with a population of 60,000, is 39 miles south-west. It is reached by the C.P. and the G.T. railways, as are most of the cities and towns named. Brantford, with 20,000 people, lies directly west of Hamilton; a little northerly of Brantford, and westerly from Toronto, are a number of the busiest manufacturing centres in the Dominion—Brampton (22 miles from Toronto), Guelph (48 miles) Galt (57), Berlin (63), Brantford (63), Stratford (88), Woodstock (88). On a wider circle westerly of Toronto and north from Lake Erie, are St. Thomas (122), and the beautiful city of London (115), with its 52,000 population. To the north-east are Peterboro (76 miles), a busy city of 15,000, famous for one of the greatest lift-locks in the world, and Lindsay (69) not far away. Besides these are scores of other places of interest, such as: Port Credit, Oakville, Dundas, Burlington, Milton, Cooksville, Streetsville, Acton, Weston, Woodbridge, Aurora, Markham, Uxbridge, Port Perry, Whitby, Oshawa, Georgetown, and—but “too numerous to mention”—many of them with great paper mills, agriculture implement manufactures, etc. When I think that once I knew but the names of Toronto, Hamilton and London, and then find this corner of the province so full of such places of note as the foregoing, I feel it an imperative duty to name them, that my readers may not be as ignorant of their existence as I was before I came to Canada.

¶ Toronto is so near our country that it seems like one of our own cities. As the bird flies, and the steamers run, it is but 27 miles, across Lake Ontario, to Niagara-on-the-Lake, 14 miles from the Falls. By rail to Niagara, via St. Catharines, another important city, it is much farther, by reason of having to go around the head of the lake.

